

H. Foster

the
NEW ERA

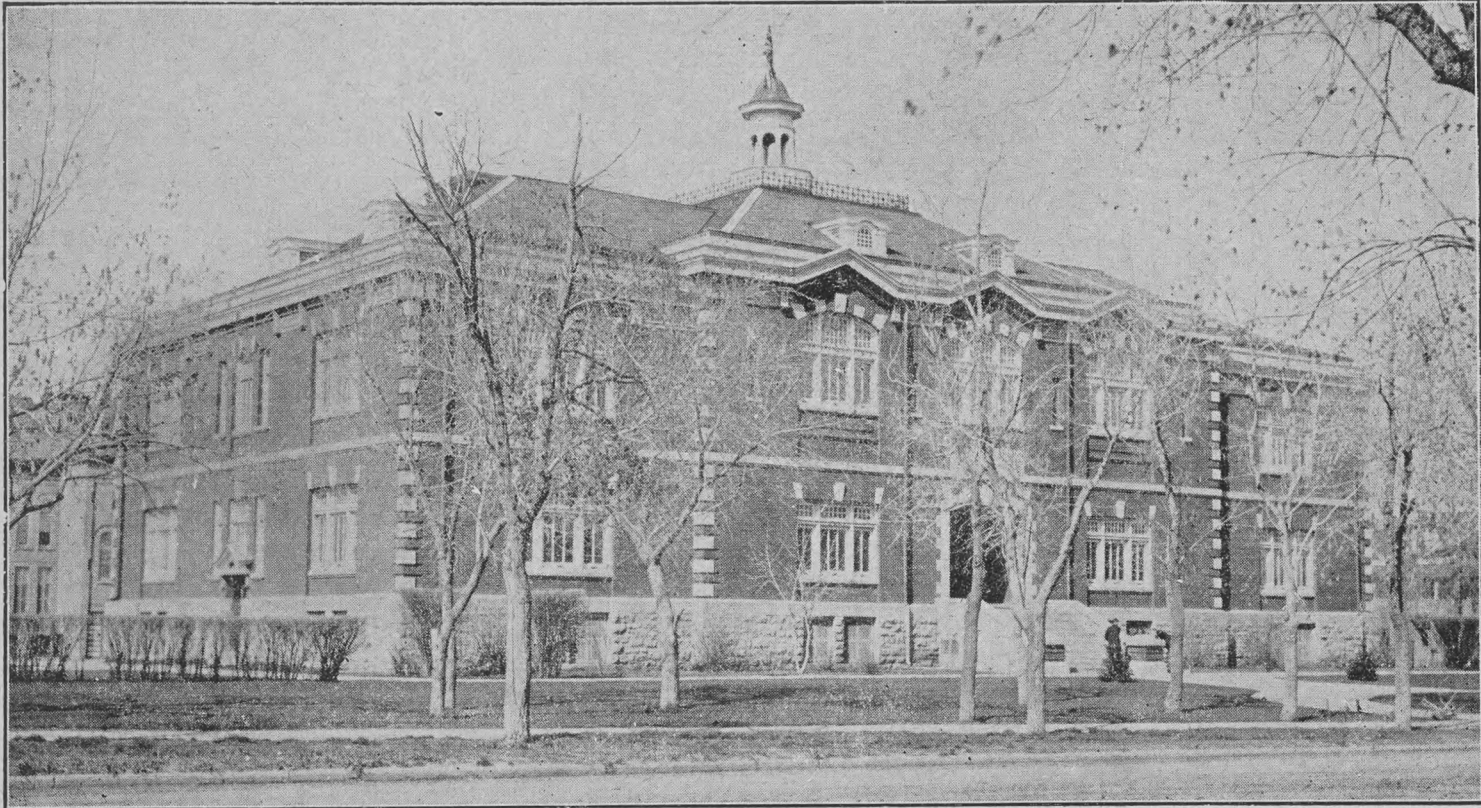
1951

BRANDON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Dedication

It is to Mr. T. A. Neelin, who was our school superintendent, from 1924-50, that we dedicate this year book. We take this means of showing our appreciation for all he contributed to Brandon Collegiate during those years.

The New Era



40th
Annual Publication

1951
Brandon, Manitoba

Brandon
Collegiate Institute

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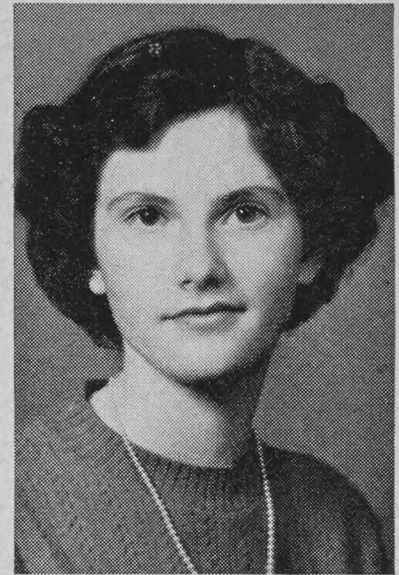
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The New Era Staff

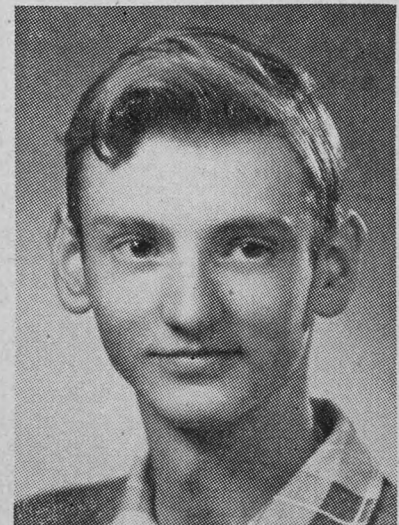


Front Row, left to right: Joan Hilton, Miss McDole, Clive Bate, Ivy Robins, Bette Mitchell, Olga Evaskow.

Back Row: Warren Falconer, Bob Hilton, Jim Crawford, Mr. Frazer, Bob Harris.



IVY ROBINS
Editor



CLIVE BATE
Assistant Editor

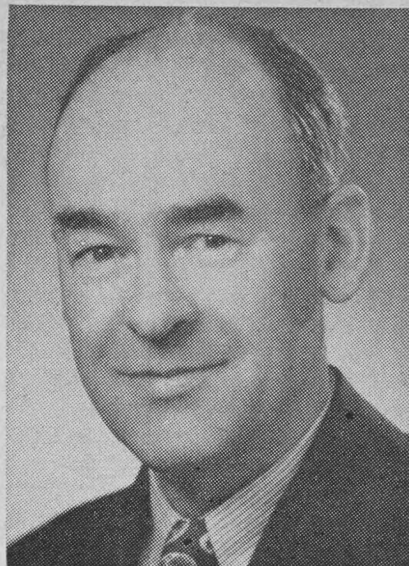
Editorial

We the "New Era" editors, have attempted to incorporate in this year book a central theme. Since it is the year 1951, it was decided that our theme should be the turn of the century. Consequently, there are both past events and future prophecies interspersed throughout our book. Each executive has tried, in his individual section, to bring before the reader facts and fancies in as attractive a way as possible. It is our sincere hope that we have succeeded in compiling a year book from which both alumni and present day students alike may derive enjoyment.

Our thanks are extended to Miss McDole and Mr. Frazer, who have given infinite help in producing this publication, and to the numerous students who have written stories, poems, and articles, and who solicited advertising, thus contributing to the total success.

Brandon Collegiate's year book has come a long way since 1900. At that time the annual was in the form of a small pamphlet published by the school board, solely for the purpose of enticing prospective students by advertising the admirable qualities of the school. Recently the school publication has become so large that the cost is this year estimated at approximately one thousand dollars. Constant effort has transformed the school magazine into an accurate record of the activities, honours, and literary efforts of our collegiate.

To us the title "The New Era" seems especially appropriate this year, for 1951 is the turning point in a half century filled with many tragedies—The Great War, the Second World War, and even at present, the prospect of a third world war. Dare we be optimists? Dare we hope for peace in a world now torn with suffering and doubt? Let us never give up hope that better conditions will prevail, and better human understanding will be maintained, for when hope is lost nothing remains. Our future rests with us. We must not fail. Let our motto always be, in spite of difficulties or setbacks, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."



MR. H. V. BELL, Principal

Principal's Message

The school year of 1950-51 has brought its changes. Mr. T. A. Neelin retired after holding the office of Superintendent of Schools for 26 years. His was the lot to give leadership and guidance to the Brandon School System during critical and fateful years. His kindliness won him the confidence of a succession of Brandon school children and his judgment as an educator earned him the respect, not only of the citizens of Brandon, but also of those in the wider councils of the Province.

To his successor, Mr. H. G. Wedge, every good wish is extended.

This academic year has been marked by some internal administrative reorganization in order to adjust to the revised programme. Our School is now organized to provide for Matriculation Course,

Industrial Arts Course and Home Economics Course with provision for Accelerated and Non-accelerated Course in the first mentioned. It is an attempt to create the conditions which will enable each to develop the latent talent. A true evaluation of these changes must be postponed.

This edition of the "New Era" will carry some fairly extensive account of the extra-curricular activities which have been followed. They have afforded opportunity in the exercise of responsibility, initiative and service. It is important to remember that it is not by the multiplicity of clubs but by the enthusiasm and vigour which is put into them that the corporate health of the School derives benefit. Likewise the lesson is to be learned that the success of an enterprise depends upon real effort and reliance upon the result of such effort and not merely upon good intention and self sacrifice. Lest my observations be subject to misinterpretation I hasten to bear witness to those who have given sound leadership and assisted this School to derive pleasure and instruction from organizations functioning outside the classroom. At this time I would like to pay tribute to one who, as the result of his extra-Curricular activities outside the organization of the School has brought honour to his School and to his City. We are proud that Norman Wyborn has been selected to attend the international Scout Jamboree to be held this Summer in Vienna.

To those who are leaving the School, a few words of suggestion. You will find satisfaction and happiness in a "job of work well done." See a vision of excellence and strive to attain it. "Know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules." And, translate the loyalties of service to within the School into loyalties to worthwhile institutions of the Community and the Nation.

H. V. Bell

Teaching Staff



Back Row, left to right: Mr. J. A. Elliott, Special Technical Arts Course; Mr. W. J. Weir, Technical Arts; Mr. Coates, B.Sc.; Miss M. Fitton, B.A., McMaster, Technical Arts; Miss M. Hood, B.Sc., Manitoba, Technical Arts; Mr. L. Fox, Technical Certificate, Technical Arts; Mr. C. Bjarnason, B.A., Manitoba, History; Mr. A. Venables, B.Sc., Saskatchewan, Physics.

Front Row: Mr. M. Kavanagh, B.A., Dublin, Ireland, Latin; Miss M. Bowen, B.A., Manitoba, English; Miss M. McDole, B.A., B.Ed., Manitoba, English; Mr. H V. Bell, B.Sc., Durham, England, B.Paed., Toronto, Chemistry; Miss H. Dunseith, M.A., McMaster, History; Mrs. M. B. Cannon, B.A., M.Ed., Manitoba, French; Mr. G. Frazer, B.Sc., Manitoba, Mathematics.

PAST and FUTURE

If it isn't one thing it's another. Back in 1883 Karl Marx died and the world thought its troubles were over, but in that same year there arose a new threat to our freedom and peace of mind.

In that black year, fellow inmates of B.C.I., the Collegiate Department was formed in connection with the Brandon schools. Yes, you might say your troubles date back to 1883—which is no mean boast either.

The following history was gleaned from old New Era's and before them, Annual Announcements, business-like little publications, paper-bound, sometimes of a coarse white crepe, sometimes a dirty, bottle green color but usually just plain black—like tar paper. They were printed at first by the Western Sun Office, then the Brandon Times, once by the Western Publishing Company and finally by the Brandon Sun. The first was in 1896, a ponderous two-page volume which featured infinitesimal type and no illustrations.

The Collegiate Department become the Collegiate Institute when it moved into the then ultra-modern Central School, completed in 1892. The main purpose of collegiate education then was to make prospective University students and future teachers (classically known as "The Treachery of Our Forefathers"). They studied Reading and Orthophany, which is the hard way of saying oral reading with proper punctuation and expression; and literally poured their hearts into English study of all kinds—grammar, rhetoric, poetry, composition, study of "prescribed themes." They learned to love "poetic literature" from a volume quaintly entitled "The Children's Treasure of English Song (Part II)". How that must have hurt! Other studies were History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid (Geometry to you), and an exasperating course in Botany full of two dollar words with "a's" and "e's" stuck together. They drew literary inspiration from the works of Shakespeare, Chaucer and Spenser.

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We sat on the floor of a small, square room which had a very high ceiling. It was the object in the centre of this ceiling that immediately called and held our attention. It was a semi-sphere of pure crystal surrounded by concentric rings of tiny crystal cubes the reflection on which from the two brass oil-lamps cast an eerie glow over all—including the central figure in the room—a large woman seated on a great plush chair on a rug-bedecked dais. On a small gold-encrusted table near her right hand was a crystal block (I surmised this was just to be different) on a circular silver base which was encrusted with rich-looking stones.

Ernie, Gerry and I fidgeted uncomfortably before this great woman who stared at us from beneath dark red robes and bushy eyebrows. She said, "And what would you young gentlemen like to know about your school?"

We stared at her in even greater amazement.

The woman, whom we supposed to be the fortune-teller we sought, laughed, not unpleasantly, and repeated her question. My companions nudged me. I was scared!

I stuttered, "We wanted t-t-t-to know w-w-what our school, the Brandon Collegiate w-will be like in f-fifty years."

"I thought so," said she. "Listen carefully and I shall tell you." And taking her crystal cube onto her lap she began:

"The image in the crystal block is quite clear. The 300-block on the west side of Sixth Street, the 300-block on the east side of Fifth street, the 200-block north of Lorne Avenue and the 400-block south of Louise Avenue have been purchased by the city and cleared of buildings. These four blocks now form a beautiful flower-studded park surrounded by budding appletrees. The front of the school as a whole is much as it is today, while the back of the school stretches back clear across what used to be Central school-grounds, even over the

(Continued on page 61)



Front Row, left to right: Pauline Pochynok, Ruth Gayowski, Frank McKinnon, Miss Dunseith, Laurie Craddock, Joan Henry, Verda Peden, Rita Palidwar.

Back Row: Ian McLennan, Joe Mack, Ernie Brown, Bud Prokaska, Bette Mitchell, Bob Harris, Jim Bray, Rudy Stritz.

Executives

President.....	Laurie Craddock
Vice-President.....	Frank McKinnon
Secretary.....	Verda Peden
Treasurer.....	Joan Henry

HOUSE CAPTAINS

N. H.	Ernie Brown
S. H.	Ian McLennan
E. H.	Rudy Stritz
W. H.	Rita Palidwar

REPRESENTATIVES

IV A	Ernie Brown
III A	Laurie Craddock
III B	Joan Henry
II A	Bob Harris
II B	Ruth Gayowsky
II C	Jim Bray
I A	Bette Mitchell
I B	Bud Prokaska
I C	Wally Sopchuk
I D	Pauline Pochynok

Student Council Report

During the 1950-51 term, many successful school activities, well supported by the students, have been carried out.

Three enjoyable and very well attended proms were held during the year. In December the Houses produced a highly successful "Lit". In March "Melody Jones", an outstanding Major Production, was presented by the Dramatic Society. In December the editor and staff of the New Era produced the "Directory" and "Reflector". They also are responsible for this very fine year book.

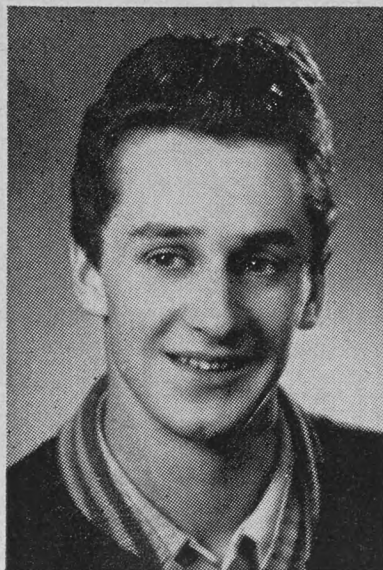
The Student Council, in December, made arrangements for the buying of Christmas cards which were printed with the school colors and crest. A special program, sponsored by the student council, was the showing of some very interesting colored slides of the "Prairie Provinces" by Mr. Humphries. As a highlight of the year, the Student Council and student body, in co-operation with the Y.M.C.A., sponsored the Bismarck High School Choir in their successful concert in Brandon. The enjoyable evening ended with a social gathering of the Bismarck and Brandon students.

The Collegiate Girls' Basketball team and six Cheerleaders were outfitted with exceptionally fine uniforms this year. A trip was made to Winnipeg by the Boys' Basketball team and a number of students accompanied them. The Annual Track and Field Meet and the Interhouse Competitions will be held near the end of May.

A donation of thirty dollars was made to the Red Cross.

The Student Council would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Dunseith for her able assistance as staff adviser to the Council, and to Laurie Craddock for the co-operation and leadership he has shown.

PRESIDENT



LAURIE CRADDOCK

President's Message

Another school year has been completed, that of 1950-51. It is on this page that the president of the Student Council is given a chance to thank all who helped him make his term of office successful, or possibly to try to blame someone for his failures. I blame no one for any failures, but I have a great deal to be thankful for.

First, my thanks to Mr. Bell and the staff for their much appreciated co-operation. In every student activity there was a staff adviser giving generously of his or her time and to each I express the gratitude of the entire student body. Second,

my thanks and congratulations to the "New Era" staff for the willing and diligent way they have worked to provide us with knowledge and memoirs of the happenings of the school year. Third, I again extend thanks and congratulations to the Dramatic Society and Glee Club. I thank them for their labours and for supplying the Student Council with a large percentage of its revenue. I congratulate them too on presenting a performance second to none presented previously in the Brandon Collegiate. Fourth, I express my appreciation to the House Captains for their leadership, and to the Athletic Board for the excellent way in which they planned a sports' program for the year and saw that it functioned well. Fifth, my thanks and praise to every one who served on committees or convened committees. Good committees are essential for a successful year and I feel I could not have had a better group of committees and conveners with which to work. Sixth, I give my thanks to the members of the Student Council for their co-operation and eagerness to accept responsibility. Seventh, I would especially like to thank Miss Dunseith for her able assistance as staff adviser to the Council. Her understanding and mature advice are greatly appreciated.

Thus far in this writing I have given thanks to people who have advised committees, to people who have contributed their talents and abilities to the school activities, to the people who have given of their leadership and organizing abilities. In concluding, I give my greatest thanks to the entire student body of B.C.I. It is one thing to organize activities and supply entertainment, but it is another thing to have good attendance and eager participation. The former to a large extent has been my responsibility—the latter, the student body's. I only hope I have done my duty as well as the student body has done theirs. If the Presidents of future years have as co-operative and eager a student body as I have had this year, they will be very fortunate indeed.

Laurie Craddock.

Treasurer's Report

BUDGET FOR 1950-51

	Receipts	Expenses
Bank Balance	\$ 21.57	\$
Proms, Fall		40.00
Xmas		50.00
Spring		75.00
Graduation Banquet	80.00	100.00
Sports, Curling		30.00
Basketball		45.00
Baseball		25.00
Track and Field		20.00
Swim Meet		10.00
Literary, Dramatic Club	350.00	150.00
New Era	750.00	950.00
Directory		50.00
Reflector		75.00
Miscellaneous, Charity		65.00
Crests		10.00
Glee Club		25.00
Student Fees	630.00	
Total	\$1831.57	\$1745.00

Approximate balance \$86.57

Major Production:

Receipts budgeted for were	\$350.00
Receipts made were	408.35
Amount made over and above budget was	58.35
Total expenditures of the major production were approximately	139.00
Profit made was approximately	269.00

Special Receipts:

Dramatic Club put on a lit

Receipts	37.58
Expenditures	15.32
Profit was	22.26

Special expenditures: Basketball outfits, Cheerleaders outfits and trip to Winnipeg.

\$50.00 was decided upon for the Student Council to put towards outfitting six cheerleaders and twelve girl players. The outfits cost approximately \$42.00 and the remainder of the \$50.00 went towards the Bus trip to Winnipeg.

Joan Henry,
Treasurer of Student Council

Valedictory

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Bell, teachers of the staff, guests, fellow students, I have been given the privilege this evening, on behalf of my fellow graduates of IIIB and IVA, to bid farewell to the school which we have attended for some of us two and for others three years.

Shakespeare said that:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts."

B.C.I. days have been one of the many scenes on the stage of Life. So far we have been the whining school boys with satchels and shining morning faces, sometimes creeping like snails unwillingly to school; our teachers have been the prompters and directors. They have coached us in our roles and guided us through the pitfalls on our stage. We have been taught to co-operate with the other players, to play our parts with vigour and sincerity, to cultivate unselfishness by giving our fellow actors the floor when they deserve it; we have been taught to place ourselves in their roles in order to play our own role better; we have been taught to see ourselves as the audience sees us. Now, however, we must find our way alone. The directors have done their parts in showing us the way, but now we pass on to another scene in which the prompting and directing are less evident. We have played gay roles in sports, in dramatics, in singing, at parties and at games, but there were more serious roles as students and executives of school organizations; such as members of the Student Council and of our year book staff. These gave us greater experience and prepared us for the next act.

As we pass on to another act on the stage of Life we must not forget to benefit by our ex-



MURIEL MEADOWS

periences and by the advice of our directors. As young actors and actresses we must remember too, to play as He the Director of all, would have us play. Whether our next roles are those of University students or those of business men and women, we must play those roles to the best of our ability, no matter how unimportant or important our parts may be. We are "merely players" but unless we uphold the trust placed in us we shall fail and so the play too will fail and as good actors—"the play's the thing". Some of us will become stars in our work, indeed, some are already becoming stars, while others will remain supporting actors but, as the laurels are handed out at the closing of the curtain we shall know how well we have played.

We are leaving the scene of B.C.I. now with many memories dear to our hearts. So on behalf of my fellow actors and actresses I say, "Farewell B.C.I."

—Muriel Meadows

Class Prophecy

It happened quite a while ago and it was very sudden, too. That day we had been warned that there was going to be a huge explosion—the greatest the world had ever known—but it was not what we had expected it to be. It happened during English class—a low, steadily-increasing roar, and while we were gazing out the window (common practice, incidentally) we saw the earth disintegrate before our eyes. Due to the fact that the earth was now in small pieces it lost its gravitational force. The school, being torn loose from its foundations rose as a unit and began to soar at a terrific rate in the direction of the moon which was now the only cool heavenly body capable of attracting us. Luckily, there was sufficient air in the school to keep us breathing till we hit the moon with a resounding THUD. We, in IVA and IIIB were badly shaken and scared silly but one of us, Olga Evaskow, realized that there was no oxygen on the moon and immediately rushed up to the chem. lab. to prepare, in her own inimitable way, oxygen. In a short time Olga, with her boundless knowledge of practical chemistry, had saved our lives.

Yes, that was nineteen years ago. We've sure made progress up here in that time. Let's take a walk down the main drag of XIIAB. (This is what we call our fair city. It's a well-known fact that IVA (IIIB)—(XIIAB). The first building we notice is a huge sky-scraper. This is the home of "Brown's Modelling Agency", owned and operated by Ernie Brown. This building is famous all over the civilized world for the beauty of its girls. We can see some of them on the front steps now. There's Joan Henry.

"Hi Joan, how's business?"

"Not so hot. 'Course I don't work anyway—only when they want to copy the color of my hair for those synthetic bricks that Jim Wall is manufacturing."

"My gosh. Joyce Harvey. You don't seem busy either."

"Oh this is just a recess. I'm posing just now for

(Continued on page 59)

1900

IT WAS LAKE CLEMENTI THEN...

1950-51, CLEAR LAKE . . .



SOCIAL

Editor: BETTE MITCHELL

Photos Selected by OLGA EVASKOW

THE FALL PROM



Fall Prom

B.C.I.'s Prom in October took the form of a "Hard Time Dance". The highlight of the evening was the presenting of a prize to the "poorest" couple. The trampiest tramps were Doreen Edwards and Steve Bobiak.

Other prize winners were Shirley Roberts and Calvin Campbell, "Lemon Dance"; Verda Peden and Ian McLennan, Elimination. Joyce Brown and Alan Magnacca, and Gwyn Eastman and Lyle Macson tied for the "Under the Bar" dance. Even after the apple dance the couples were still tied, so all four were presented with bags of suckers.

At lunch, a long Congo line, led by Jean Lewtas and Aggie Kukulowicz wormed its way down the east stairs, across the lower hall, and up the west stairs, across the aud. and were finally awarded with cokes and cake.

All the gala festivities were M.C.'d by our Student Council President, Laurie Craddock. At eleven-thirty the tired but happy tramps left for home.

Joan Henry, as Prom Convener, her committee and the teachers in charge, Mrs. Cannon, Miss Bowen, Mr. Bjarnason, Mr. Kavanagh, should be congratulated on their successful work.

Janice Jenkins

The Christmas Prom

The Christmas Prom was held on December 23 and was enjoyed by all in attendance. Students attending the prom were asked to bring novelty gifts not costing more than fifteen cents, which were to be distributed by Santa Claus. Mr. Kavanagh made a very excellent Santa Claus. Later in the evening the refreshments were served and the dancing was resumed. The party was over by twelve o'clock and everybody had a very enjoyable time. Thanks go to Stella Wiszniowski, the Prom convener, her fine committee and the teachers in charge, Mr. Frazer, Mr. Weir, Miss Dunseith, Mr. Elliott, for their hard work in making our prom a success.

Marilyn Grigg

Spring Prom

"What a tremendous prom", "The best ever", "What music". These were only a few of the remarks overheard as the students wistfully left the Collegiate auditorium after the "Spring Swing", B.C.I.'s final prom for the year.

The evening started off with a bang—in the form of a "Grand March" led by Mrs. Cannon and Mr. Venables. From there on in the students needed no further coaxing when it came to asking each other for dances. The M.C., Frank McKinnon kept the dancers hopping and even told a few witty jokes to enliven the already bright evening. A "jive exhibition" by Ken Bjarnason and Audrey Ericson, and Verda Peden and George Eamer, was one of the big highlights of the evening, not to mention the "congo-line-to-lunch", led by Ken Bjarnason and partaken in by a group of hungry but happy fellows and gals. Special thanks go to the Modernaires Orchestra for their fine music, and to Arnold Wawruck, Prom convener and his committee. Thanks also to the teaching staff, Mr. Venables, Miss McDole, Mr. Coates, Mr. Fox and student body who helped to make the Spring Swing the tremendous success it was.

Bette Mitchell

The Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club met in the fall term under the direction of Miss Bowen, Miss Fitton and Miss Hood to choose their officers. The results were: Betty Anne McCulloch, President; Arnold Wawruck, Vice-President, and Stella Wizniowski, Secretary. As Betty Ann moved at Christmas, Arnold became President and Jim Crawford, Vice-President. Ivy Robins and Don Dillistone were selected, to choose a play for the Major Production. Heads of committees were elected. These were Audrey Ericson, Makeup and Costumes; Ross Davis and Pat Nagle, Properties; Jim Wall and Dennis Gell, Stage and Lighting; Gerald Sharpe and Gerald Robinovitch, Ticket Sales; Frank McKinnon and Don Dillistone, Advertising. The excellent work of all the committees aided greatly in the success of the Major Production of 1951.

Air Cadets

The Brandon Collegiate Squadron, No. 82, under the capable guidance of its officers, instructors and Civilian Committee has had a successful year in 1950-51. With the threatening approach of a new war the demand upon service cadets will increase. However with the capable leadership of F/L A. Venables, F/O W. G. Frazer, Adjutant, Honorary F/L H. L. Newton, Padre, and the instructors, Mr. F. Pue, Mr. G. Evans, and Mr. D. Cowie, the Air Cadets will uphold their fine tradition. The Civilian Committee under the guidance of Mr. W. McAllister, Chairman, has provided excellent support.

The most active part of the Air Cadet year is just commencing. On May 19th, the Air Cadets of Western Manitoba will gather at Rivers C.J.A.T.C. for an Air Cadet Rally which will include drill and sports competitions. An Air Cadet Day will be held at Winnipeg for Manitoba Air Cadets on May 26th. The Brandon Squadron will parade for the annual inspection on June 6th. This year's summer camp for Western Canada's Air Cadets will be held at Abbotsford, B.C. The 82nd Squadron is expected to send approximately thirty cadets.

For two years in succession the Brandon Collegiate Squadron has won the Guthrie Air Cadet proficiency shield for Manitoba, thus becoming the only Squadron in the North West Air Command to accomplish this feat. F/L Venables received the shield from Air-Vice Marshal K. M. Guthrie, C.B.E. on November 29th, 1950 at a happy gathering of cadets, parents and friends of the Squadron held in the Collegiate Auditorium.

The scholastic as well as the physical attainments of the 82nd Squadron have been of excellent quality. F/S Gerald Gilroy was awarded the McBrien scholarship for one year of aero engineering at Toronto University. An Air Cadet League Scholarship for training at Canada's official military colleges was won by Don Strang. Don is attending Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C. Cadet Ted Dillistone, winner of the 1949 scholarship is now attending Kingston's Royal Military College. This year's Flying Scholarships for the furthering of flying training were awarded to Ernie Brown, Governor General medalist for this year, Pat Dillistone, Don Dillistone

and Keith Hurst, with substitutes Ken Biccum and Fred Calverley.

Thus the youth of the nation are preparing for the defence of freedom and liberty.

Co-Y-Eds

Co-Y-Eds is the only girl's club at B.C.I. this year. It is composed entirely of Collegiate students and has a maximum membership of twenty. The first meeting was held on Oct. 18 and to start the year rolling, an initiation was held at which new members were really put through their paces. We are guided in our program and activities by our capable adviser, Angela Kasiurak. We meet every Thursday at 5:30 p.m. in the club room of the Y.W.C.A. for supper-meeting.

During the year, we have sponsored two dances. The first, on Nov. 17, was a Sadie Hawkins Dance and the second, on February 23, was a Slack 'N Sock Party. Both these dances were held in the Youth Hall and were extremely successful. These dances financed three delegates, Olga Evaskow, Joan Henry and Marjorie Pringle, to the Prairie Regional Conference in Winnipeg on March 9th and 10th.

At Christmas time Co-Y-Eds were pleased to make up a hamper for a needy family.

On the educational side of the program, Mrs. Walter Dinsdale gave a very entertaining and informative talk on the Y.W.C.A. and its work. Before the end of the year we are to have a Beauty Counsellor speak and Larry Phillips analyse our handwriting.

For our Club enjoyment, we had a Bowling Party in December.

The members of the Club are:

Olga Evaskow.....	President
Gwen Brownridge.....	Treasurer
Betty Finch.....	Secretary

Marjorie Pringle, Elaine Downes, Joy Brown, Joyce Harvey, Pat Nunnerley, Joan Henry, Lois Johnston, Carol Mackay, Jean Hannah, Jean Morrison, Marion Wall, Stella Wizniowski, Muriel Meadows, Irene Muller, and your reporter, Madeline Irving.



Front Row, left to right: Joyce Harvey, Gwen Brownridge, Joy Brown.

Second Row, left to right: Marian Wall, Carol McKay, Olga Evaskow, Angela Kasiurak, Muriel Meadows, Stella Wisznioski.

Third Row, left to right: Madeline Irving, Pat Nunnerly, Jean Morrison, Kathy Jason, Elaine Downes, Marjorie Pringle, Lois Johnson, Jean Hannah.

Career Day

For the past two years there has been an afternoon set aside for the all-important purpose of helping eager young students to make their choices of future trades and professions. Miss Dunseith and Mr. Bjarnason, especially, have given much valuable time and effort in the organization of this activity.

On this special afternoon, May 2, there were thirty-four speakers discussing various occupations. Each speaker has achieved success in the field of endeavour about which he spoke. These were heard by not only B.C.I. students, but also seventy-nine visiting students from Souris, Neepawa, Alexander and Rivers.

Career Day is perhaps the most important day of our school year, as it aids young men and women in making a decision which will be of vital importance in later life.

David Thordarson.

The Lit

On Thursday, December 7, B.C.I. held its most successful lit. The lit was in the form of a competition between the four houses. Each house was to present half an hour's entertainment to be judged by Miss Bowen, Mr. Bell, and Mr. Coates on a point basis. East House won out by one point over North and, even better, about twenty dollars was netted for the Student Treasury.

Major Production

The applause was tumultuous as the curtain rang down on the final act of "Melody Jones," B.C.I.'s 1951 Major Production. The credit for this overwhelming success goes to the superb directing of Miss Bowen and the hard work and co-operation of the student body.

The magnificent portrayal of starry-eyed Mel-

SUMMER PROM



ody Jones by Vivian Moore brought tears to the eyes of many of the audience. The change from the dramatic to the comic side of the story was provided by Bob Crouch in his humorous role of country-boy, seed-grower. Shirley Roberts and Ernie Brown were brilliant in their respective roles of Mel's best friend and current "flame". Arnold Warwuck and Stella Wiszniowski charmingly provided the other "romance plot." Doreen McAllister and Jim Crawford ably filled the parts of Mom and Dad. Janice Jenkins and Mary Adams played the "back-stabbers", who told Mel of her adoption which until then had been kept a secret. Gerry MacDonald, as the lanky, basketball star and Bill Storen, as the "older man," did well in their respective roles. Diane Taylor charmingly portrayed Mel's aunt.

After the finish of the Major Production the cast, teachers, and the many students who had helped in various ways in the play met in the auditorium for a pleasant hour of dancing and fun.

Bette Mitchell

An Autumn Day

The trees have shed their staid green clothes,
bringing
Forth the reds and golds of late autumn gay;
The flowers revive their dying hues, from gray
To purple, scarlet and bright orange; swinging
Specks across the pink sky, ducks are winging;
The leaf-strewn earth warms under the sun's ray;
A gentle breeze caresses the dried hay;
A lone robin to the world is singing.
The whole world dances like a spritely elf,
The flowers, the beasts and mankind all employ
Themselves with joy, erasing every frown;
This bright fall day Nature excells herself
In one last fling of color, light and joy
Before the cold gray winter settles down.

Marjorie Pringle

When you walk down the street
And to your ears comes a "tweet"
Don't walk on with a face of beet red,
Turn around and smile sweet,
He'll find that he's beat
And the wolf has the red face instead.

Elaine Young

There once was a belle of Kentucky
Who said, "I'm exceptionally lucky,
I've got flowers for my hair,
And blue jeans to wear—
Now don't you think I look ducky?"

Joyce Phipps

Dramatic Club



Front Row, left to right: Audrey Ericson, Miss Hood, Miss Bowen, Miss Fitton, Stella Wiszniowski.

Second Row: Frank McKinnon, Gerald Sharpe, Dennis Gell, Pat Nagle, Jim Crawford, Arnold Wawruch, Jim Wall, Jim Starkell.

1900

PEOPLE ARE THE SAME
YESTERDAY, TODAY AND
FOREVER . . .

1950-51

. . . AND SO ARE THE
PERSONALS

Editor: Bob Harris

IV A



First Row, left to right: Lois Johnson, Joy Brown, Muriel Meadows, Joyce Harvey, Mr. Kavanagh, Margaret Mansfield, Anne Rodgeron, Ivy Robins, Anne Opasky.

Second Row: Stella Wiszniowski, Chris Adams, Roy McLean, Clive Bate, Pat Dillistone, Ernie Brown, Olga Evaskow.

Third Row: George Cox, Lyle Macson, Ken Bjarnason, Bob Hilton, Dennis Gell, Ralph Howsam.

Chris Adams

To make us laugh is Chris's delight;
 And he may one day be a man of might
 'Cause always in History we see him shine;
 But sometimes he'll try to hand you a line.

Clive Bate

In a shower of sparks you can find Clive Bate
 Down at Mitchell's sharpening a skate.
 He makes model airplanes from bits, chips, and glue;
 He's sub—ed and humor-man on the New Era too.

Ernie Brown

Ernie is dark and full of pep
 At basketball he's really hep.
 He's smart at school and industrious too,
 And when it comes to girls "il y a beaucoup!"

Joy Brown

When we need someone to give a hand
 Who'll get to work and beat the band.
 We turn to Joy who says "Okay"
 And even then her voice sounds gay.

Ken Bjarnason

Ken is tall, blonde, and never gets scolded
 He sits by the hour with his arms folded
 At all the parties he sheds his tie
 His jitterbugging is the reason why.

George Cox

George Cox is a fellow you ought to meet
 Although he's small we think he's sweet,
 In his blond hair he wears a crisp wave,
 Not a showoff, and somewhat grave.

Pat Dillistone

Pat Dillistone, a friend of Roy,
 Pals 'round with Ern' and the rest of the boys.
 With his slow sweet smile, Pat hopes to charm
 The girls, as well as a certain school Marm.

Olga Evaskow

Olga is charming and sedate
 But for class she's sometimes late
 When skies are grey she'll be right there
 And you can bet she'll do her share.

Dennis Gell

He wears drapes and a gold watch chain,
 To do his homework he'll not strain.
 With his hands in his pockets he strolls through the
 hall
 And greets us with smiles, "How are y'all?"

Joyce Harvey

Joyce is IVA's gift from Dauphin,
 She's always neat, looks tired often,
 She'll up and tell you all her woes,
 "Yep", she says, "that's how it goes."

Bob Hilton

Bob's our version of Thomas Thomson;
 An outdoor man who doesn't own a Ronson;
 He's lanky and sombre; indifferent, we'd say,
 To silly girls talk and fancy array.

Ralph Howsam

At school he's a brain (with a capital "B")
 And at Shilo, in hockey, he shines brilliantly;
 But professional player he'll never be;
 'Cause he'll find a home in the Army, you'll see.

Lois Johnson

Lois Johnson is new to our school
 She'll pitch right in according to rule
 She has a favorite saying when we get in a mess
 She'll laugh with abandon, "It couldn't matter less."

Lyle Macson

Lyle's always wearing a leather jacket,
 Regarding homework, he'll say "Ah, stack it!"
 A car has his Dad, a dimpled chin Lyle,
 "So girls?" he says, with an impish smile.

Roy McLean

With Pat and Ernie he's been chumming all year,
 He doesn't like Latin—to the teacher that's clear
 When things go wrong he's still willing to try,
 And in Air Cadets he's learning to fly.

Muriel Meadows

Muriel's the Einstein around IVA
 Shows that studying really does pay.
 Says it's a teacher that she's going to be
 Yeh, at McGill or Toronto . . or Royal Roads maybe.

Margaret Mansfield

In the back of the Chem. lab. the silence is deep
 But all that proves is that Margaret's asleep.
 Among IVA'ers she has a high rating;
 But what's she doing when not roller-skating?

Anne Opasky

Tho' Anne lives far away from us all
 She's quiet, efficient, behaves like a doll.
 And if with you she doesn't agree
 She'll smile and say, "Oh, really?"

Ivy Robins

She's dark and neat—rather petite,
 And speaks to the boys in a tone so sweet,
 Now frowning, now dreaming, now bubbling with
 laughter
 But Ivy gets what she is after.

Anne Rodgeron

Long, taffy hair, rather petite
 She's often quiet but never meek,
 Become a nurse she never will
 'Cause she's attached to a guy named Bill.

Stella Wiszniowski

Stella has an answer for everything said
 And when she laughs hard her cheeks get red,
 A whisp of blonde hair adorns her brow
 Any homework for Monday she will do now.

There was a young boy named Rob
 Who once ate corn-on-the-cob,
 He became very ill,
 But he took the wrong pill,
 And this was the end of sweet Rob.

Barrie McLeod

There once was a man who feared thunder
 And always walked 'round in a blunder,
 He was such a big goof
 That he climbed off a roof,
 And now he lays six feet under.

Orval McJannet

III A



Front Row, left to right: Laurie Craddock, Stuart Craig, Marion Rust, Mr. Venables, Jeanette Woodmass, Jim Bjarnason, Royce Berg.
Back Row: Kelly Hillis, Gerald Sharpe, Ernie Thalman, Arnold Wawruch, Jessie Ross, Milan Thierry, Keith Hurst, Dale Simons

Royce "Bugs" Berg—Spends his spare time drawing profiles of his fellow classmates . . . loves school . . . especially Latin class!!!

Jim Bjarnason—Our icy hope is that this spectacled lad who sees all; hears all; will tell nothing. Jim likes to sing to himself during classes . . . but not unheard . . . please note!

Laurie Craddock—Has a variety of interests . . . excels in golfing and basketball . . . president of B.C.I. . . . has set an excellent example for future holders of this position.

Stuart Craig—Stuart's infectious giggle has greatly exhilarated life in class . . . "Fishy" skipped his way to third place in the English Event in the bonspiel . . . congratulations!

Bob "Grub" Grabowski—A daydreamer . . . Bob left us for awhile to attend Notre Dame; but he returned . . . just couldn't stand to be without us, eh? . . . Pet saying, "But Doc, I was away for a reason!"

Kelly Hillis—Another of those useful persons who helps put things over . . . on the teachers . . . active in hockey and a real sports booster.

Gordon Hurley—One who is seen at all times but never heard . . . basketball is one of his pet sports . . . by the way, Gordon, where do you disappear to on Friday afternoons from French class?

Keith Hurst—Energetic participant in all sports . . . one of those rare persons whose sense of humor is a tonic to all with whom he comes in contact.

Adolph "Aggie" Kukulowicz—Winnipeg's contribution to B.C.I. . . . and the Wheat Kings . . . plays on B.C.I.'s basketball "B" team . . . member of the school orchestra.

(Continued on page 33)

III B



Front Row, left to right: Joan Henry, Rita Palidwar, Mr. Kavanagh, Mildred Stonechild, Georgina Keewatin.

Back Row: Steve Korniat, Charles Clark, Don Robson, Doug Bottley, Jim Wall, Joe Slomiany, Bill Douglas.

Douglas Bottley (Rube)

Our boy Rube has an infectious smile,
Makes a year in IIIB really worthwhile.

Charles Clark (Chas.)

Neatly fits into the reserved category,
To tell about him would be quite a story.

Bill Douglas (Willie)

He's really a whiz at the curling rink,
And a good fellow student we all think.

Thomas Haggerty (Tom)

He's an intelligent, friendly boy,
In curling he's the real McCoy.

Joan Henry (Red)

A most humorous and talkative lass,
We're sure she'll succeed in making a pass.

Georgina Keewatin (George)

Without her homework done she's never seen,
And she also thinks sewing and cooking are keen.

Steve Korniat (Kanner)

Though he is sometimes quiet and bashful,
Of good cheer he is always smashful!

Donald Robson (Don)

Though the quiet and industrious sort,
He always indulges in vigorous sport.

Rita Palidwar (Tubaba)

III B's star in basketball is;
While presiding at meetings, she is a whiz.

Joe Slomiany (Josephine)

Joe, very gifted in art, plays football well,
Whether he's in school or out we never can tell.

Mildred Stonechild (Millie)

Boy! She's a master of the blades.
More blades than one—just ask her mates.

James Wall (Jim)

Jim has the knack of piloting a plane,
And is the best dancer we can name.

II A



Back Row, left to right: Henry Stothard, Don Dillistone, Gerald MacDonald, Barrie McLeod, Terry Kerr, Ken Biccum, Doug Grossart.

Third Row: John Penner, Jim Paige, George Strang, Vernon Johnson, Gary Brazell, Ron Clarke, Orval McJannett, Bob Harris, Brian Hucker.

Second Row: Fred Calverly, Frank McKinnon, Elaine Downes, Marjorie Pringle, Betty Finch, Verda Peden, Gwen Brownridge, Margaret Chalmers, Joyce Phipps, Calvin Campbell, Jim Crawford, Ian McLennan.

Front Row: Kathy Jason, Arlene Scott, Madeline Irving, Jean Lewtas, Miss Dunseith, Lillian Reynolds, Elaine Young, Shirlie Howsam, Marian Reid.

Ken Biccum

"Biscuit" is an air cadet,
Now he's taking a flying scholarship,
He makes weird faces once in a while,
Each summer goes to the farm to clean the sty.

Gary Brazell

Gary Brazell is a curler of note,
To him, pool is rather remote,
"Alpha" is quite a muscle bound man,
And these muscles he often likes to expand.

Gwen Brownridge

Gwen is our happy II A lass,
Who's always afraid she may not pass,
She says she doesn't like Geography,
But has an interest in "Forrestry."

Fred Calverley

In Latin class he wins his fame,
To have homework done is his one aim,
For North House he always does his bit,
And with the girls seems to make quite a hit.

Calvin Campbell

Calvin Campbell is a good little chap,
Hopes someday to have girls in his lap,
He spends most of his time combing his hair,
He will probably end up with some old nag's mare.

Margaret Chalmers

Margaret, one of IIA's lasses,
Never falters in her classes,
Finds enjoyment in her music,
Some popular, but mostly classic.

Ronald Clark

Ron's curly hair and gallant looks,
Rate first in our good books,
He has a quiet manner and pleasant smile,
Will remain in our memory a long while.

Don Dillistone

In curling Don is rather fair,
Pinhead's vocab is a night-mare,
He attends air-cadets every week,
For mile long words he has never to seek.

Jim Crawford

Jim Crawford, better known as "dink",
Lost out in the bonspiel to the Walton rink.
In Geography period he sets the way
You would think he could go on talking all day.

Elaine Downes

In school Elaine is very quiet,
At basketball she creates a riot,
If things continue as at present,
We think we'll notice an English accent.

Tom Edwards

Tom Edwards is a little shrimp,
You will always find him at the rink,
On Tuesday morning he goes to IA,
Lucky boy says all IIA.

Doug Grossart

Doug Grossart is a working lad,
He's always good, never bad,
For a recommend he hopes, so studies well,
All of his classmates think he's swell.

Shirlie Howsam

Shirlie is a Shilo lass,
And the blue-eyed blonde of our class,
She's kind, friendly and always gay,
A real favorite of IIA.

Bob Harris

Bob Harris is our room rep.
Full of vim and lots of pep,
To be a teacher is his aim,
For this we wonder if he's sane.

Brian Hucker

Brian is our Limehouse Lad,
Boasting is his greatest fad,
Although very fond of Jean H.
He's never asked her for a date.

Madeline Irving

Madeline, IIA's fair-haired lass,
Will never star in Latin class,
She often meets a certain Gell??
As she tries to beat the final bell.

Kathy Jason

Kathy Jason, tall and slim,
Once broke her glasses in the gym,
But this had no effect at all,
For she's still a star in basketball.

Vernon Johnson

Vernon Johnson owns a motor bike
In summer he goes to catch a pike.
Quadratic equations are not for him
For he is full of pep and vim.

Terry Kerr

Terry Kerr, the brain of IIA,
In the radio shop he wishes to stay,
For he plans to be an electrical engineer,
He has the brains, so we have no fear.

Jean Lewtas

Jean is a popular, energetic lass,
The skating star of our IIA class,
She's got lots of vim and humor rare,
She works and plays, not a minute to spare.

Gerry MacDonald

A scholar, now, our Gerry looks,
As on his nose his glasses hook,
To pass in Latin is an aim of his—
Without too much work that is.

Orval McJannet

Orval is IIA's curling star,
His fame is spreading near and far,
At Geometry he's not so hot,
And a pass for him just can't be bought.

Frank McKinnon

Frank McKinnon is quite the lad,
His saxophone playing is not so bad,
But when it comes to Physics lab,
Our boy, Frankie is not so glad.

Ian McLennan

Ian McLennan to B.C.I. came,
Flunking, to him is a terrific shame,
In playing hooky he delights,
But usually comes back on basketball nights.

Barrie McLeod

Barry sits near the back of the room,
Sometimes in gay, sometimes in gloom,
Trying to study his textbook thick,
And sadly listening to his wrist-watch tick.

Jim Paige

Quiet and smart this guy from the farm,
He never speaks loudly or causes alarm,
Although he is really not very tall,
He is quite a star at basketball.

Verda Peden

Verda Peden is a lovely lass,
Who goes to school in the IIA class,
She is secretary of the school,
When playing basketball she looks so cool.

John Penner

John Penner is our farm boy,
For working he's the real McCoy,
He takes down notes in every class,
And has an eye on a certain lass.

Joyce Phipps

Joyce Phipps is a studious lass,
It's a wonder she doesn't head the class,
She has an affection for a certain Gary,
Soon after school they probably will marry.

Marjorie Pringle

She is IIA's brain and a basketball star,
She is known as "Iggy", both near and far,
Playing volleyball is something she hates,
But is a terrific curler, Calvin states.

Marion Reid

Marion Reid is a petite lass,
She's about the smallest in the class,
We seldom hear her say a word,
She's always seen, never heard.

Lillian Reynolds

Lillian Reynolds is a quiet lass,
Who can always answer questions in class,
She knows her French like A B C
She'll win a scholarship, just wait and see.

Arlene Scott

Arlene Scott, our cute, dark-haired lass,
One of the best liked in the class,
Brandon Rangers are her favorite hockey team,
And collecting records she has Breen.

Henry Stothard

Henry Stothard our president of mite,
Does his homework every night,
But don't worry Henry, you'll get through,
And we'll stand by, no matter what you do.

George Strang

George Strang is an Air Cadet,
For this he has but one regret,
It gives him less time to study Maths,
For he always likes to head the class.

Elaine Young

A good-natured blond,
Is Elaine from IIA,
She isn't the kind,
Who makes teachers go gray.

II B



Back Row, left to right: Brian Black, Bob Crouch, Don Charleson, Roland Elton, John Krasnowski, Pat Kelman.
 Centre Row: Doug Brown, Bryan Egan, Norman Chapman, Dave Adams, Fay Meyers, Beryl Bentley, George Eamer, Jack Stephens, Gale Hamilton, Keith Wilkes.
 Front Row: Lillian Thompson, Marilyn Woodley, Elsie Melnychuck, Ruth Gayowsky, Mr. Frazer, Thelma Sampson, Anne Hill, Shirley Siddle, Rose Yonda, Patsy Nunnerly.
 Missing from picture are: Duncan Brown, Gerald Robinovitch, Clifford Shepherd.

Chips Adams is a hockey star,
 Likes the game and is going to go far,
 For past time he finds girls a pest,
 He takes them home but not with zest.

Beryl Bentley is our Physics brain,
 A cheerful pupil come snow or rain;
 Pals around with Ruth and Faye,
 She is sure to succeed, we all do say.

Brian Black is our Latin scholar,
 Though it makes him really holler;
 He borrows his homework from a lass,
 And copies it down in physics class.

Douglas Brown our rover boy,
 Is room 2B's pride and joy,
 A brilliant scholar we all say,
 He'll be a principal some fine day.

Duncan Brown is quite a guy,
 He makes the 2B girls all sigh
 By wearing a violet and turquoise tie;
 When he's around time really does fly.

Norman Chapman, alias Charlie too,
 Is a good sport through and through;
 Plays the piano with an elegant hand,
 Some day he'll play in Dorsey's band.

Frenchy is our pride and joy,
 Room 2B's nature boy,
 Excels in expounding philosophy,
 Or enthralling sweethearts on his knee.

George Eamer, from Ravenscourt hails,
 Girls say he's the most handsome of our males;
 Excels in Geometry, basketball, and the high bar,
 Surely these prove that he's a star.

Brian Egan hail and hearty
 Attends every 2B party;
 A math brain we all know;
 You'll often find him at the show.

(Continued on page 33)

IIC



First Row, left to right: Bill Satterthwaite, Harold Twitchell, Edward Magjak, Rudy Hominick, John Morgan.
 Second Row: Marie Eamer, Gloria Stanley, Isobel Hamilton, Audrey Phelps, Doreen Edwards, Miss Bowen, Lorraine Standing-ready, Margaret Sinclair, Verna Belanger, Gwen Eastman, Mary Korniat.
 Third Row: Lloyd Rogers, Kelvin Gerry, Victoria Sinkler, Vonda McDearmid, Joan Kasiurak, Margaret Sinclair, June Montgomery, Shirley Roberts, Pearl Opasky, Rudy Stritz, Jim Bray, Stanley Nykiel.
 Fourth Row: Clarence Thomas, Bill Storen, Jack Lauder, Jim Holder, Walter Singler, Lawrence Reeves, Ken Morgan, Walter Polnik, Eddie Curtis, Jack McLachlan.
 Fifth Row: Murray Tyreman, Glyn Walters, Ken Wawruch, Ron Wilkinson, Pat McNeill, Gerald May.
 Missing: Bob Geyson, Lawrence Wreggett, Doug Udell, Irene Ross.

Vera Belanger—One of the few who can pass a history exam. Has a very nice figure, too.

Marie Eamer—II C's skating star. Her ambition is to go to the Olympics.

Doreen Edwards—II C's Cass Dailey. Doe plans to take steps towards putting the subject of "men" on the program of studies.

Gloria Stanley—Sixty inches of sunshine. The peppy "Glo" and "Do" feuds sure liven things.

Gwyn Eastmen—Where there's noise, there's Gwyn! Does she ever stop talking? Ask Mr. Frazer!

Isabel Hamilton—Her favorite question, "but why?" Isabel really is curious.

Joan Kasiurak—Joan tops 5' 10" in her shoes. But did you know the boys like 'em tall, slender and attractive.

Mary Korniat—Mary is not very big, but oh, how noticeable! Not that she talks a lot!

Vonda MacDearmid—Here is Vonda, there be Audrey. II C's Siamese twins!

Audrey Phelps—Audie's never seen without friend Vonda. She walks 14 blocks to and from school daily. Ambitious, eh!

June Montgomery—"Five foot, eight—eyes of brown." Don't worry Junie, there's lots of tall men around—as if you didn't know! Shirley's "Little One."

Shirley Roberts—a basketball lover, Shirl takes part in all sports and NEVER misses a Junior hockey game. II C's female contribution to the Major Production.

Pearl Opasky—Pearl agrees that one school day at a time is quite enough.

Irene Ross—short and sweet. Irene is another lover of holidays.

Marita Sinclair—No relation to Margaret. Marita loves school on Saturdays and Sundays!

Victoria Sinkler—Where are you? We never seem to hear her, but she's always there! Sister to Walter.

Margaret Sinclair—The little girl who is too shy to admit she got anything right.

Lorraine Standingready—Seen but never heard. II C's Pauline Johnson.

Jim Bray—Do you ever come on time, Jim? Any facts on homework are lapped up by James when he does get there before nine. Who is it gives you that "tired" look?

Rudy Stritz—a perfect stand-in for Groucho Marx! Is there anything he can't do? Oh yes . . . homework!

Pat McNeill—Day dreams so hard in the morning he has to take the afternoon off to relax! A future hockey great!

Walter Polnik—Did you ever see a boy so quiet? We don't even hear him when he plays hockey.

Roy Esslemont—Short! But quiet capable of finding his way about. Ain't she sweet!!

Eddie Curtis—"Never did get that homework done!" How do you manage to convince the teachers, Ed?

Ron. Wilkinson—Ron. always seems to be working. One of the few who comes to school to learn.

Bob Geyson—Our History brain. How do you manage to survive refereeing those wild basketball brawls on Thursday afternoons?

Lawrence Reeve—A woman hater, but loved by 'em all since he got his new grey strides. Lawrie's quite capable of talking, but just too shy.

Rudy Hominick—The soda jerk of II C. Loves History but can't seem to do it.

Stan. Nykiel—A student by day—a mystery by night—but always a gentleman.

Edward Magjak—The "one man information bureau". Eddie knows all, sees all, hears all.

Harold Twitchell—Another dependable "short boy". Harold thrives on candy when under the pressure of school.

Bill Storen—II C's male contribution to the Major Production. Bill likes acting so well he forgets to stop!

Walter Sinkler—a great accordionist! Walt. should go places with his music.

Gerald May—a brain in Literature. Gerry is envied by every girl for those lovely eye lashes!

Murray Tyreman—Murray seems to be especially concerned with schoolwork, but his exam. results prove otherwise.

Glyn Walters—Often seen with Murray, Glyn doesn't do much talking but is certainly heard when he does!

Jack McLachlan—Jack always has an answer, even if it is wrong!

Ken. Wawruch—Candy-eating Ken. is seldom heard from in school. Guess he figures he'll learn more listening!

John Morgan—John is the very opposite to a woman hater! Is often seen with Lawrie and Jim at the Roll-Arena.

Kenneth Morgan—Big brother to Johnny, Ken supplies the laughs for II C. What's it like living at the Prince Edward, Ken?

Jim Holder—The third in the Lawrie-John-Jim Trio. Like John, Jim is certainly no woman hater!

Bill Satterthwaite—We wonder why Bill comes to school. He always seems to sleep through classes.

Clarence Thomas—Clarence is very quiet in school. Does he wish he were somewhere else?

Jack Lauder—Jack is quiet but friendly. A real student.

Lloyd Rogers—Though very studious, Lloyd spends a lot of time making the rest of us laugh. Interested in photography.

Kelvin Gerry—Kel. knows all the answers in History class. Guess he's trying to prove that a good listener profits more.

Miss Bowen—Guess Miss Bowen loves our class—when we're at I A! But I bet we're really her pets of B.C.I.

Dearly Beloveds—who left us during the year. Our best wishes to Geraldine Hodgson, Barbara Shipper, Doug. Udell, Lawrence Wregget.

PERSONALITY

ATHLETE

HAIR STYLE

VOICE (SPEECH)

TALLEST

SHORTEST

WARDROBE

MUSCIAN

(SINGING) VOICE

ARTIST

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

52
53
54
55

55-16
56-11
57-11
58-11

Norman Jeff

*Are you going
to to this tonight
Will it be
they want me
to help.*

Jean McCloud
~~Smile - Eyes -~~
~~Smile - Eyes -~~
~~Smile - Eyes -~~

Brown - Cat in Hat
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles

Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles

Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles
Smiling Voice - Charles

Shir - Jean M. & Susan
Smith
Clothes

IA



Fifth Row, left to right: Alex Kaczmar, Ken Armstrong, Bud Christie, Harold Coleman, David Rea, David Thordarson, Warren Falconer, Jack Gibson.

Fourth Row: Jack Carrothers, Lloyd Brown, Cam Robinson, Don Brown, Carman Rust, Norman Wyborn, Orest Evason, Alex Fedoruk.

Third Row: Don Hunter, Pat Nagle, Jack Scott, Ruth McGregor, Bette Mitchell, Gladys Briggs, Florence Reeve, Marilyn Grigg, Doreen McAllister, Jean Morrison, Beverly Francis, Jean Hannah, Pat Jenkins, Joe Long.

Second Row: Joan Lockhart, Georgina Nowazek, Nancy Harkot, Joyce Brown, Mrs. Cannon, Enid Pottinger, Janice Jenkins, Blanche Sopp, Marguerite Henson.

First Row: Chris Morton, Don Hart, Nazory Evaskow, Roy Carriere, Bert Hepinstall, Jack Ballen, John Pringle, Allan Magnacca.

Kenneth Armstrong, genius of IA,
Reads his encyclopedia every day,
We all know he's as smart as can be,
He'll be a professor some day, you'll see.

Jack Ballen, the curler of IA,
Is one of the reasons why teachers turn grey.
Some say he is rather meek
But he really has a devilish streak.

Gladys Briggs is really sweet,
She's always punctual, cheery and neat,
Always stands near the top of the class,
Consequently in June she is sure to pass.

Don Brown talks with John in the hall.
He's a real whiz at basketball,
In many sports he does excel,
While in school he does quite well.

Lloyd Brown is a carpentering boy,
Working his lathe brings him plenty of joy.
He has no failures, a record that's fine,
And in mathematics he especially shines.
A petit blond is our **Joyce Brown**,
In figure skating she's won renown;
When in school, she gets good marks,
And we understand she can sing like a lark

(Continued on page 29)

IB



First Row, left to right: Irwin Badowich, Travers Roe, Bud Prokaska, Ken Coomber, Ronnie Mayes.

Second Row: Mary Adams, Carol Mackay, Miriam Judson, Mary McAuley, Mr. Coates, Jean Wagner, Lucille Brechka, Phyllis Standingready, Lillian Stevenson.

Third Row: Marie Dunn, Peggy Elliot, Joan Curlock, Audrey Ericson, Victoria Sowa, Bernice McLean, Barbara Walkow, Irene Muller, Barbara Macfarlane, Susan Penner, Yvonne King, Margaret Smith, Beverley Tolton, Maxine Dandy.

Fourth Row: Steve Bobiak, Georgina Davis, Joan Hilton, Darlene Pearen, Jim Mummery, Dorothy Smith, George Hales, Pat Calverly, Isobel Thom, Ross Flint.

Fifth Row: Jim Scott, Lyle Simons, Ian Sutherland, Pat Kelleher, Jack Addison.

Mr. Coates—The “master” of IB. Favorite saying: “Be quiet while I explain.” Ambition: To have everyone pass in Geography.

Mary Adams—IB’s sweater girl. Favorite saying: (was) “I hate hockey players.” Ambition: As everyone knows, is to have a string of hockey teams.

Jack Addison—IB’s favorite basketball player. Favorite saying: “Shut up, will yeh?” Ambition: To become a “pro”.

Irwin Badowich—The brain of IB. Favorite saying: “Nothing that we know of.” Ambition: To be an artist. Best of luck!

Ste(a)ve Bobiak—IB’s expert winker. Favorite saying: “You need practice.” Ambition: To be a plumber.

Sylvia Bobyk—The absentee of IB. Favorite saying: “How much did I miss this time.” Ambition: To be a hairdresser(?)

Lucille Brachka—The smallest girl in IB. Favorite saying: “Wow” (what?) Ambition: To rise in the world . . . by inches.

Pat Calverly—Sits in front of our “master.” Favorite saying: “Hey you!” Ambition: To get a higher mark in algebra.

Ken Coomber—The curler of IB. Favorite saying: “Sit down.” Ambition: To win the Nipawin bonspiel.

Joan Curlock—IB's roller-skater. Favorite saying: "Holy cow!" Ambition: To become a woman of distinction.

Georgina (Jo) Davis—The quiet girl of our class? Favorite saying: "Open the door!" Ambition: To move 'way out in the country.

Maxine Dandy—IB's cutie. Favorite saying: "Let's study." Ambition: To study on holidays, wants to be an "A" student.

Marie Dunn—One of our quietest students. Favorite saying: "Uh-huh?" Ambition: To become a mathematics prof.

Peggy Elliott—Our red-headed lass. Favorite saying: "I don't know." Ambition: To be a hair designer.

Audrey Ericson—IB's chatterbox. Favorite saying: "Let's keep quiet, eh?" Ambition: To become a basketball player.

Ross Flint—IB's Shylock. Favorite saying: "Does anyone want a loan?" Ambition: To become an engineer.

George (Sleepy Gus) Hales—Our sleepy boy. Favorite saying: "Ho-hum." Ambition: To sleep the rest of his life.

Joan Hilton—One of our average students. Favorite saying: "What ya do last nite?" Ambition: To be a lab technician.

Miriam Judson—Our guitar player. Favorite saying: "For cry'n out soup!" Ambition: To become a stenographer.

Yvonne King—IB's bright little lass. Favorite saying: "What". Ambition: To keep her work always up to par.

Patrick "Butch" Kelleher—Always going to the show. Favorite saying: "Can y' lend me some dough?" Ambition: To be a truant officer.

Barbara Macfarlane—Waiting for someone after 4. Favorite saying: "Got your Maths done?" Ambition: To leave Collegiate.

Carol Mackay—Talking to "Butch". Favorite saying: "That yo-you". Ambition: To move to Dauphin.

Ronald Mayes—A quieter chap of IB. Favorite saying: "Oh boy". Ambition: To learn French.

Mary Jane McAuley—A quiet ambitious student. Favorite saying: "Let's read—not school books". Ambition: To become a first class steno.

Bernice McLean—IB's out of town girl. Favorite saying: "I'm going to be a teacher." Ambition: To become a successful pianist.

Irene Muller—IB's girl from Switzerland. Favorite saying: "I wasn't feeling well." Ambition: To be a waitress.

James (Slum) Mummery—The "Juvenile delinquent" of IB. Favorite saying: "Fresh". Ambition: To teach Mr. Coates real Geography.

Neil Bud Murray—Always gigglin' and gloatin' in Br. Hist. Favorite saying: "Wha' happened?" Ambition: To be at school next time his mom phones.

James Nicol—Our girl-surrounded boy. Favorite saying: "What have we here". Ambition: To be a farmer.

Darlene Pearen—Our pert blonde: Favorite saying: "How am I supposed t'know?" Ambition: To become a model.

Susan Penner—A hard working young miss. Favorite saying: "Ask Bernice." Ambition: To be like good Queen Bess of England.

John Bud Prokaska—IB's smallest pest. Favorite saying: "Oh Yeah". Ambition: To grow up—tall.

Travers Roe—Our expert wrestler (gorgeous Gus-sie). Favorite saying: "How 'bout a date in History?" Ambition: To become a farmer.

James Scott—Our personality plus boy. Favorite saying: "Shucks". Ambition: To be goalie for the Wheaties.

Lyle Simmons—IB's prize chip-eater. Favorite saying: "Ask him." Ambition: To become an expert model dresser at Miladi's.

Dorothy Smith—A quiet lass. Favorite saying: "I love hockey games". Ambition: To be a nurse.

Margaret Smith—Better known as "Mugsy". Favorite saying: "That's not right." Ambition: To move to IA (we wonder why).

Victoria Sowa—IB's shy girl. Favorite saying: "Oh, I haven't got that finished." Ambition: Unknown.

Joan Standingready—An average student of IB. Favorite saying: "Shh. We didn't hear it." Ambition: To be a famous piano player.

Lillian Stevenson—A ninety getter in Literature. Favorite saying: "How smart do you think I am?" Ambition: To take Mrs. Cannon's place in teaching Literature.

Ian (Suds) Sutherland—Our daily visitor from the jail. Favorite saying "I didn't do nothin." Ambition: To be a model prisoner—dad must be the warden.

Isabel Thom—The fuzzy top girl of our class. Favorite saying: "I always wear rags". Ambition: To let her hair grow long.

Beverley Tolton—IB's studious girl. Favorite saying: "Let's be good to-day". Ambition: A successful private secretary.

Jean Wagner—Takes a sudden noon sickness. Favorite saying: "Oh! I can't come this afternoon." Ambition: To be a telephone operator.

Barbara Walkow—One of the best in the class. Ambition: To be in politics. Favorite saying: "I'll come to school next day."

Dear Departed—Shirley Eidsness, Bruce Elder, Sheila Roney, Irene Kodarske.

IA Continued

Among the teachers who work all day

Is **Mrs. Cannon**, the pride of IA,

The teacher who always sees you through,
And in whose room complaints are few,

Roy Carriere all the girls admire,
In hockey and sports this boy's sure fire,
A boogie boy, his head is flat—
Was he hit by a baseball bat?

Jack Carrothers, the fat man of IA
Says to lose weight doesn't pay.

In Latin class he tries to sleep,
But hopes his passing marks to keep.

Blond **Harold Coleman**, six feet tall,
Curling's his sport—just one, that's all.

He peddles his papers, studies at night,
And works for his exams with all his might.

Nazory Evaskow scores points by the dozen,
On the basketball floor he really gets buzzin'
His attendance record is really sharp
Perhaps some day he will play a harp.

Orest Evason gets up late

See him flying through his gate!

At school he arrives on the last bell,
And he dashes into the room like—oh brother!

Warren Falconer's favorite colour is red,
If you don't know why, look at his head.
In school subjects he's a real whiz,
While a star curler he also is.

(Continued on page 34)

IC



Front Row, left to right: Don Sanders, Morley Smith, Ken Wilkinson, Don Birin, Kent Truss, Allan Cousins.

Second Row, left to right: Eddie Bachmier, Jim Williamson, Dan Bychek, Mr. Bjarnason, David McAuley, Bob Dechka, Roy Stenson, Bob Robson.

Third Row, left to right: Hugh Williams, Bill Burke, Derek Pass, Jim Quinn, Delmar Armstrong, Elvin Cale, Gordon Cable, Walter Wolfe, Ivan Shillington, Don Starkell, Ted Komar.

Fourth Row, left to right: Eddie Wilkinson, John Kostasie, Ed Drake, Ken Washington, Ed. Mitchell, Ewart Armstrong, Jim Fisher.

Fifth Row, left to right: Keith Cale, Lloyd White, Ken Price, Norm Breen, Tom Hutchison, Bill Bygarski, Joe Mack, Lyle Judd, Ken Holland.

IC PERSONALS

Name	Nickname	Pastime	Ambition
Ewart Armstrong	(Specks)	—Dozing in class. To fall asleep in ten minutes.	
Delmar Armstrong	(Del)	—Saying nothing. To be a man.	
Eddie Bachmier	(Ed.)	—Laughin at Tom. To make Tom laugh.	
Don Birin	(Bart)	—Dreaming of growing tall. To make some headway in life.	
Norman Breen	(Breeno)	—Thinking of girls. To become a movie actor.	
Bill Burke	(Willums)	—Telling jokes in Science class. To pass in Science.	
Don Bychek	(Doodle)	—Laughing when Ken gets thrown out of class. To ask Ken how he does it.	
Bill Bygarski	(Wooly)	—Roller skating with all the girls. To skate with Barbara Ann Scott.	
Gordon Cable	(Gordy)	—Combing his hair. To get a brush cut.	
Elven Cole	(Kayo)	—Do flips in P.T. period. To complete a front flip.	
Milo Cale	(Mello)	—Thinking of Molly. To have a girl take him out.	
Allan Cousins	(Tony)	—To calculate the density of a liquid. To calculate correctly.	
Bob Dechka	(Tschub)	—Telling Gordy to be quiet. Change ambition.	
Ed. Drake	(Sleepy)	—Spending the afternoon in the eighth street poolhall. To go to school in the afternoon.	
Jim Fisher	(Fish)	—Punching Julian in the shoulder. To fight Joe Louis.	
Tom Hean	(Salomy)	—Coming to school. To pass a law having school on Sunday.	
Ken Holland	(Dutch-boy)	—Coming to school. To pass a law having school on Sunday.	
Lyle Judd	(Jade)	—Talking to girls. To sell Fuller brushes.	
Ted Komar	(Stretch)	—Not coming to school when he has science homework. To become a science Professor.	
John Ksteskie	(Shorty)	—Looking over fellow students shoulders. To sit in the front row.	
Julian Kowalik	(Jewell)	—Slugging Jim in the chest. To hit him in the nose.	

Name	Nickname	Pastime	Ambition
David McAuley	(Romeo)	—Doing Geography homework. To do it right just once.	
Joe Mack	(Joey)	—Saying nothing in class. To be a salesman.	
Bob Mistal	(Misty)	—Thinking of girls in class. To become a movie star.	
Ed. Mitchell	(Mitch)	—Doing nothing. To complete his project at IA.	
Derek Pass	(Dork)	—Telling IC about England. To pass in composition.	
Kenneth Price	(Ken)	—Talking too much in class. To become an undertaker.	
Jim Quinn	(Quink)	—Trying to date Polly. To operate a date bureau.	
Bob Robson	(Robby)	—Gazing out the window. To make a noise in class.	
Donald Sanders	(Sandy)	—Doing mathematics. To become a scientist.	
Ivan Shillington	(Ivy)	—To wake up after a period is over. To become a P.T. Instructor.	
Morley Smith	(Moe)	—Pulling his hair in Mr. Weir's class. To discover how to keep beautiful hair.	
Walter Sopchuck	(Wally)	—Tripping over his long legs. To become a jockey.	
Donald Starkell	(Stark)	—Trying to curl. To become a curler.	
Roy Stenson	(Bud)	—Combing his hair. To become a barber.	
Kent Truss	(Squirt)	—Walking between Wally's legs. To grow one inch.	
Ken Washington	(Washy)	—8th Street snooker hall. To beat Willie Hopp.	
Jim Williamson	(Willie)	—Sleeping in class. To get eight hours sleep.	
Ed. Wilkinson	(Farmer)	—Smiling at the girls. To complete his maths book.	
Walter Wolfe	(Walt)	—Chewing his nails. To become a manicurist.	
Hugh Williams	(Hughy)	—Coming into class 5 seconds after the second bell. To beat the first bell.	
Lloyd White	(Whitewash)	—Laughing at Tommy. To become a clown.	

ID PERSONALS

Donna Barnes
This quiet girl studies feverishly,
Is liked by us all in Room ID.

Amy Blacksmith
She studies hard and works so well,
And we all think she's really swell.

Marina Brown
A born comedian, a natural clown,
We rarely see her with a frown.

Hilda Brown
At school she's trying hard to succeed,
And in basketball nearly takes the lead.

Jessie Campbell
A master of the knitting class,
In this she's surely bound to pass.

Ruth Chalmers
Ruth is one of the redheads of our class,
A bright and studious young lass.

Norine Cox
She hails from Minnedosa, Man.,
And no one can knit like this girl can.

Grace Evans
Grace is a friend of our gal Bubbles,
Chicken pox was one of her troubles.

Dorothy Fisher
Another redhead of this fair class,
A quiet and somewhat studious lass.

Mary Goodz
This pert gal is a mighty cute filly,
And goes quite steady with a fella called Billie.

Donna Grant
Her hair is always combed and neat,
Knitting to her is no defeat.

Bernice Griffiths
Here is the one we all call Bubbles,
School work and homework are her main troubles.

Mary Hamilton
Pres. of the class and our skating star,
Her witty humour is known far.

(Continued on page 32)

ID



Front Row: Doris Rogers, Madeline McKenzie, Pauline Pochynock, Glennis Tame, Miss McDole, Mary Hamilton, Cathy Hodgson, Rosie Yaromy, Ruth Chalmers.
Second Row: Mae Pogue, Grace Evans, Amy Blacksmith, Pat Tackaberry, Doreen Webster, Brenda Pass, Marina Brown, Evelyn Rayner, June Muldoon, Mary Goodz, Elaine Relf, Gail Shoebridge.
Third Row: Bernice Griffiths, Vivian Moore, Elizabeth Komar, Donna Barnes, Noreen Coxe, Caroline Yaromy, Hilda Brown, Jessie Campbell, Rita Haywake, Cora Walker.

ID PERSONALS Continued

Kathleen Hodgson

Blond hair, blue eyes; a South House "ranger"?
 At hockey games she's sure no stranger.

Geraldine Hunt

Gerry is another studious miss,
 A school day she will seldom miss.

Rita Haywake

Jet black hair and big dark eyes,
 As a basketball player she wins the prize.

Elizabeth Komar

Liz, as she is known to us,
 Enters the school room with plenty of fuss.

Madeline McKenzie

A very talkative and petite gal,
 Is 5 ft. 1 and roller skates well.

Vivian Moore

A prize dramatic student we say,
 Took the star role in our school play.

(Continued on page 33)

ID Continued

June Muldoon

She talks and jokes and does not care,
If Mr. Coates should pull her hair.

Brenda Pass

Brenda hails from England fair,
She has large blue eyes and long blonde hair.

Pauline Pochynok

Soft blue eyes, blonde bob too,
Tiny and slim as a friend she is true.

Mae Pogue

Friendly and clever with her hands is she,
Red hair, brown eyes and good personality.

Evelyn Rayner

Basketball is her favorite game,
"Noise Galore" should be her name.

Elaine Relf

She should be quite a brain in science,
'Cause her dad owns plumbing and heating
appliance.

Doris Rogers

Doris is quite a tiny lass,
Just 'bout the smallest in the class.

Gail Shoebridge

Gail is a girl who's cute and merry,
She hails from a town by the name of "Barrie."

Pat Tackaberry

Patricia plays the piano well,
All her classmates think she's swell.

Glennis Tame

Pleasing, plump and good natured who
Always wears a smile and is nicknamed "Mae" too.

Cora Walker

Cora sits and combs her hair all day,
Writes in a beautiful rhythmic way.

Marian Wall

In basketball she really jives,
Her ambition is to get rid of her hives.

Doreen Webster

This tiny miss is a real pert girl,
Grey-blue eyes and golden brown curls.

Donna White

This brunette is quite the gal,
Giggles and jokes and is everyone's pal.

Catherine Woods

Kitty another skating star,
Also excells in P.T. by far.

Caroline Yaromy

Caroline a gal who was quite grave,
Until she met a fellow named Dave.

Rosie Yaromy

Short and petite, a sweet young doll,
That's our Rosie, dark and small.

IIIA Continued

Jessie Ross—A jovial, cheerful personality with a bubbling smile . . . Jessie used to spend much of her time at Shilo, but now she utilizes it by writing letters to that special friend. Jessie's ambition is to receive her R.N.

Marian Rust—Is one of the three girls in IIIA (muskateerette) . . . an accomplished pianist . . . highest average in IIIA at Christmas . . . interested in College life!!

Gerald Sharpe—Short, blonde, and quiet . . . ready, willing, and able . . . a conscientious student . . . an intimate friend of Mr. Kavanagh.

Dale Simons—Our blond boy with plenty on the ball . . . a serious student of IIIA . . . if it's quiet in Algebra, he's not there . . . which is most of the time!!!

Ernie Thalman—One of the four Geography students of our class . . . simply loves to argue with Mr. Kavanagh.

Milan Thierry—One of Doc's favorite students . . . probably because he's an active Air Cadet . . . is a good athlete and also a good sport.

Arnold Warwuch—A good-natured guy . . . who has contributed much to collegiate activities . . . his athletic prowess has blossomed forth in basketball, rugby and curling.

Jeanette Woodmass—Another of IIIA's muskateerettes . . . most petite in the class, pleasant, easy-going, fun-loving . . . enjoys conversing with "homoes validi" and the feeling is mutual.

Mr. Venables—Ever willing to help the students of Grade XII to find their labor-atory way in Physics . . . he's a friend to all who know him . . . we think he's great!

IIB Continued

Don Charleson attends all shows,
He must be rich for he always goes;
He delivers groceries after four,
Then at the store he sweeps the floor.

Roland Elton a big husky he-man,
In summer gets a glorious tan,
He goes to school with a modest air,
And charms the girls with his golden hair.

Ruth Gayowski, 2B's singing lass,
Is one of the brains in our class,
There is not a subject she doesn't know,
Her marks are high, never low.

Anne Hill's a girl who will never shirk,
If she is obliged to do some work;
She never says a word in school,
And really is room 2B's jewel.

Our dear little **Gale**, always the same,
Goes around with a cute little Jane,
Although he is short he is still a flirt,
And his I.Q. is forever alert.

Pat Kelman, two seats from the back,
Of brains, he doesn't seem to lack;
In basketball he has won great fame,
In baseball he will do the same.

John Krosnowski's a fair haired son,
In him we find a lot of fun,
He excells in Physics and in Latin too,
Loves orchestra music as a rule.

Elsie Melynychuk is a quiet girl,
She wonders why we're in a whirl,
Because she has her homework done,
And still has time for plenty of fun.

Faye Meyers is a likeable lass,
Always near the head of the class;
She's full of fun and full of vim,
Can usually be found around the gym.

Patsy Nunnerley, a charming lass,
Her main problem is how to pass,
Takes part in all our sporting events,
Likes to enthrall the 2B gents.

Gerald Robinovitch a talkative chum,
To school some days he hates to come,
But when he comes it is his fate,
To make himself good teacher bait.

(Continued on page 34)

Cliff Shepherd is the talk of the town,
Hails not from Brandon, but Pilot Mound,
His object is to leave class 2B;
He's as energetic as he can be.

Jack Stevens, a swanky lad,
Has never done anything really bad,
We like his laugh—it charms us so,
And makes us grin when we're feeling low.

Lillian Thompson is quite a flirt,
But she'll succeed, I'll bet my shirt;
One so full of vim and vigor too,
Is never bored or weary or blue.

At the back of the room, we do see,
Keith Wilkes our great pool champ to be,
When forging notes, at which he excells,
Wilkes spells "ill" with only three l's.

Marilyn Woodley is a Co-Y-Ed girl,
Her singing keeps us all in a whirl,
While bowling, she's never on the bench,
Gee, if only she could do her French!

IA Continued

Alex Fedoruk, better known as Fuzz,
When he goes to school—he seldom does)
Makes all the girls sigh at his smile,
And his clothes—wow—they're really in style.

In the sport light shines **Bev Francis**
'Cause in basketball she never misses
Her social life is quite a whirl,
For everyone like this pleasant girl.

Jack Gibson, who goes to our school,
Plugs at Grade Ten under Mrs. Cannon's rule.
At sports he likes to curl and sweep,
Or at tennis he likes to jump or leap.

Marilyn Grigg, who likes to dance
To become famous has a good chance.
Her school subjects are high above par,
And not a failure her record does mar.

Jean Hannah's a good shot in a basketball game
Her easy agility will win her great fame,
She easily keeps her grades up to par
Even her many activities they do not mar.

Down at Tony's slingin' hash

You'll find **Nance Harkot** haulin' in cash
She likes to work except in school,
And there she breaks many a rule.

Although for studies **Don Hart** cares not a hoot
We still think he's awfully cute,

Soon he'll learn that time lingers not
And then he'll begin to remember what's taught.

There's a **Henson** named **Marguerite**,
She's very small, in fact petite,
Podge excels in skating and basketball
And her fame in dancing is not small.

Bert Hepinstall is short and blond
Of golfing and hockey he's very fond.
Because in school he fools around
His marks the class do all astound.

Don Hunter, IA's basketball star,
Drives a jeep instead of a car
With an athletic brushcut on his bean,
We all think he's pretty keen.
Pretty **Pat Jenkins** has brown eyes and hair,
Picks out her clothes with the greatest of care.
Her favorite sport's skating at which she's not bad
And the guy she goes around with is a really good lad.

Alex Kaczmar is a clerking boy
With all the girls he is quite coy.
A druggist he would like to be
'Till then at Crawford's him you'll see.

Joan Lockart, alias Bunny, is quite a gal,
Always smiling though things are "mal"
A perfect student, hard to beat,
To speak with her is quite a treat.

Doreen McAllister's always having fun,
Thus her homework is never done.
To girls with hair as straight as can be
Her curly locks are a source of envy.

When around is **Ruth McGregor**

The noise is almost never meager
Popular with both boys and girls
Her life is one continuous whirl.

Bette Mitchell's basketball fame
Brings much renown to her family name,
Her schoolwork's tops, and all agree
She'll go far, just wait and see.

Jean Morrison's friendly smile reflects
The fun that lurks behind her tricks
If you need help Jean's just the pearl
That's why we think she's a lovely girl.

Chris Morton's a dead shot with a twenty-two,
Kills rabbits and gophers with his rifle new,
This kid enjoys all sports and good fun,
He's an excellent friend of most everyone.

Pat Nagle, who has lots of ability,
Certainly hates to accept responsibility,

As an actor he could acquire fame
And thus bring renown to the family name.
Georgina Nowazek, also called Cookie,
Knows all the boys; never plays hookey,
As a student she gets under the rope,
But this can't make her give up hope.

Enid Pottinger is a farming girl
In her spare time likes to curl,
She certainly does very well in school
And never breaks the Golden Rule.

John Pringle, who is small and athletic,
Also excels along lines academic,
Seen on the fairways and curling rinks too
The friends that he has are more than a few.
Tall, dark, and handsome is **David Rea**,
He's always smiling, happy and gay,
He curls and at golfing likes to play,
He strives for a new friend every day.

Florence Reeve is polite and modest,
As her behaviour shows.

To all intents she's very quiet
But then one never knows.

Cam Robinson is new in this town
But his sports ability bring him renown.
He's a very likeable fellow, so gay,
And also the president of IA.

Carman Rust is a handsome lad,
At golf and curling he's not bad.
French and Maths really make him try,
But his sports' ability brings him renown.

Jack Scott's a star gazer of some renown
He knows all the stars, even Jupiter's crown.
His schoolwork's improving at a very high rate,
The way he is going he'll pass through the Gate.

Blanche Sopp has smiling eyes,
And pretty light brown hair,
Her soft, sweet, voice, as we all know
Makes friends for her everywhere.

Anetta Swanson's heart's of gold,
Her new styles are mixed with a bit of the old.
Her future is bright and it's certain and sure
That lab work seems to be her lure.

Diane Taylor, blue eyed and dark,
Has a voice as sweet as a lark,
As an actress she has won renown,
And she favours the boys from out of town.

David Thordarson sure looks swell
Skating down the ice pell-mell,
He's usually stubborn as a mule,
And loathes to obey the teacher's rule.

1900 . . .

NO EXCHANGE THEN

EXCHANGE 1950-51



Editor: BOB HILTON

EXCHANGE

You, the B.C.I. student, on thumbing through this yearbook, will probably pause at this page, glance over the remarks and then with a shrug of the shoulders, hurry on to the Humor Section, vaguely curious as to exactly why the editors persist in having an Exchange Section, year after year. It is like the editorial page of the daily news; when comics, movie notices, headlines and society pages have been exhausted and you are desperate for reading material, you return to the editorial page—sometimes. What is exchange good for? Well, here is the answer.

All during the year the publications group receives magazines from other schools. When our magazine is printed, about twenty-five copies will be posted all over the world in exchange for those we have received. In this way ideas are exchanged, ideas which, while not always copied by the recipient, at least suggest other ideas. This system of exchange is the school publication's indirect way of having a convention; it is a pooling of ideas. But it is not just an exchange of ideas; for while many exchange sections merely publicly acknowledge the receipt of each other's magazines, many, like this one, print their opinions of each or some of these magazines, opinions which are eagerly studied by those "under fire."

It is our aim, in this year's Exchange, to give the other year book staffs an idea of how their efforts impressed us. We have decided to give the two outstanding qualities or high spots of each book and then the qualities which are found deficient, an arrangement which we believe will be of most practical use to them.

A sincere thanks go to all staffs who submitted exchange magazines to us. We enjoyed them all.

Ottawa Glebe Collegiate published an excellent number of their traditionally fine "Lux Glebana." A well-rounded literary section and interesting graduating class write-up were barely offset by the poor photography reproductions.

The other Ottawa contribution "**Vox Lycei**" contained a literary section of high quality and a splendid activity coverage but with the same photography defect, particularly the graduation pictures.

The "**Newtonian**" of Isaac Newton High School in Winnipeg impressed us particularly with the very complete sports coverage and splendid art work throughout. The literary section was too skimpy.

"**The Orbit**" from Cathedral High School in Hamilton, although lacking in systematic arrangement, achieved highest recommendation for the sports write-ups and the editorial and for the efforts of one Grant Lewington.

A similar criticism applies to the "**Scarlet and Gold**" of the Russell Collegiate Institute in Russell, Man., the splendid literary and activity coverage making up for the haphazard arrangement.

"**Eastern Echo**" of Eastern High School of Commerce in Toronto came through with a literary section of note—a compliment not often given, at least by this critic. The extra-curricular activity write-up was next in line but the magazine sadly lacked artistic arrangement.

Particularly attractive in "**The Collegian**", St. James Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg, was the candid picture section and the Variety Show coverage, including pictures with the write-up. You might have done better on the literary section though.

From abroad comes the compact businesslike publication of "**The South African College School Magazine**" of Capetown which contains a mass of quality prose and verse which do any school credit; outstanding were "A Story in Two Parts" and "Love in the Lab or Scientific Sweetheart", a poem which had us in fits. With more attention to art and illustration little would be left to criticize.

"**The Key**" of the Quebec High School in that city put forth a very attractively bound magazine with a meagre but very excellent literary section.

I should think, though, that a school of its size and competence would have a better cartoonist in its ranks.

Daniel McIntyre Collegiate of Winnipeg, in its "**Breezes**" shone brightly in many respects, particularly the alumni and art sections, the latter featuring reproductions of the students' work. The humorous article "Early to Bed" is also to be praised. More care in the drawing of your splendid cover-designs would leave little to be desired.

"**The Log**" from Hobart High School in Tasmania no less, is to be congratulated for its coverings and splendid compositions. More humor and less poetry is our only criticism.

"**The Echoes**" from the Collegiate and Vocational School in Peterborough, Ontario, is to be commended for their fine activity coverage and the high literary quality throughout, though lacking in artistic arrangement.

An example of student initiative is "**School Daze**" by Gimli High School, which, though entirely Gestetnered, features several illustrations, a substantial and artistic advertising section and a fine coverage of school activities. The type is clear and easy to read and the cover is a splendid effort. The literary section was rather meagre.

From the collegiate in Carman, Manitoba, comes the attractively bound "**Vox Ludi**" which, except for the poetry, showed an active interest on the part of the student body for literary contributions.

After the honours accorded it, it would be sheer sacrilege on my part to attempt criticism of the **Kelvin Year Book** (Winnipeg). It is worthy of the praise it has received.

Last but far from least is the "**Flinonian**" of the Flin Flon Collegiate Institute, also of this province. A wealth of splendid ideas like the Social Year Calendar and the different class personals were incorporated in this magazine with a short but nevertheless high quality literary section.

Bob Hilton.



GIRLS' TEAM 19--

GIRLS' TEAM 1950-51



ATHLETICS

Editor: JOAN HILTON

Athletic Board



Front Row, left to right: Mr. Coates, Irene Muller, Verda Peden, Lillian Thompson, Mr. Bjarnason.

Back Row: Pat McNeill, David Adams, Mr. Venables, Walter Polnick, Keith Hurst.

Athletic Board Report

The officers of the Athletic Board for 1950-51 were:

President.....Verda Peden
Secretary.....Lillian Thompson
Girls' Basketball Representative.....Irene Muller
Boys' Basketball Representative.....David Adams
Curling.....Keith Hurst

House Representatives

South House.....Verda Peden, David Adams
West House.....Irene Muller, Walter Polnick
North House.....Pat Nunnerley, Keith Hurst
East House.....Lillian Thompson, Pat McNeill

Members of the teaching staff on the Advisory Board were: Mr. Venables, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Bjarnason.

Due to lack of interest no swim meet was held this year.

Inter-house basketball got under way on November first with each house entering a junior and senior boys' team and girls' team. East House junior and senior girls' teams won the girls' play-offs, while the boys' was won by West House juniors and South House seniors.

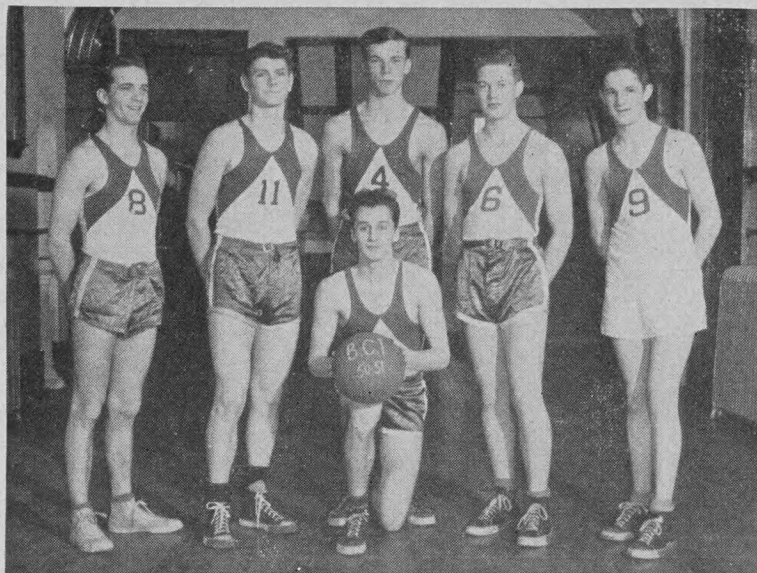
Curling, as usual, was a very popular sport. Under the direction of the Athletic Board with Keith Hurst as convener, a very enjoyable time was had by all those taking part.

The date for the Track and Field meet has been set for May 22 and May 25. Plans are now under way to make this the most successful field meet to date.

A short schedule for Volleyball will be drawn up and each room will be represented by a girls' team and a boys' team.

Lillian Thompson,
Secretary, Athletic Board.

B.C.I. Provincial Team



Left to right: George Eamer, Don Hunter, Ian McLennan, Barrie McLeod, Jack McLachlan.
Center: Laurie Craddock.

Brandon Boys' Collegiate Team

Laurie Craddock: plays wing—good playmaker—has an accurate shot.

Ian McLennan: plays centre—jump-fast and accurate on breaks—a hard worker.

Barry McLeod: plays guard—smooth in plays—shoots accurately from any position.

George Eamer: guard—well known for his dribbling ability—accurate on long shots.

Don Hunter: plays wing—shiftly and fast on plays—always knows how to hit the basket.

Jake McLachlan: plays wing—one of the new additions to the team—a hard worker and a good shot.

Fred Calverley: plays wing—also new addition to the team—good player on both offensive and defensive.

B.C.I. Girls' Basketball

1—**Verda Peden:** Star wing—shoots accurately from any position—second year with team.

2—**Bev Francis:** Centre—good on offensive and defensive—first year with team.

3—**Bette Mitchell:** Fills forward or guard position equally well—sets up plays and is accurate on long shots—first year with team.

4—**Joan Curlock:** Can always be depended upon to play a good game—ably fills forward position—first year with team.

5—**Grace Evans:** Very efficient guard—good shot—first year with team.

7—**Carol MacKay:** Fast rushing forward, can shoot from any angle, first year with team.

8—**Marjorie Pringle:** Very good guard—first year with team.

(Continued on page 40)

B.C.I. Girls' Team



Front Row, left to right: Shirley Roberts, Carol Mackay, Verda Peden, Rita Palidwar, Pearl Opasky.

Back Row, left to right: Marjorie Pringle, Fay Meyers, Bev. Francis, June Montgomery, Mr. Venables, Bette Mitchell, Irene Muller, Joan Curlock, Grace Evans.

(Continued from page 39)

9—**Pearl Opasky**: Plays the position of forward very well—first year with team.

10—**Shirley Roberts**: Always in the thick of action—shoots from any position, first year with team.

11—**Rita Palidwar**: Steady—hard playing forward—first year with team.

12—**Irene Muller**: Hard working guard, first year with team.

13—**Faye Meyers**: Guard—seldom lets anyone between her and the basket, first year with team.

The girls' B.C.I. team lost out in the play-offs but managed to win one game against the East Kildonan girls' team.

The girls' team were presented with uniforms which were made by Miss Fitton with the help of the students of B.C.I. sewing group.

House Representatives



Front Row, left to right: Marion Rust, Betty Finch, Joan Curlock, Rita Palidwar, Olga Evaskow, Ivy Robins, Muriel Meadows.

Back Row: Frank McKinnon, Jim Paige, Arnold Wawruch, Ian McLennan, Ernie Brown, Rudy Stritz, Jim Bjarnason, Bob Harris.

B.C.I. "City League" Team



Left to right: Mr. Coates, Alex Fedoruk, Jim Quinn, Norman Breen, Arnold Wawruch, Bob Geyson, George Eamer, Alex Kaczmar, Laurie Craddock.

Curling News

The Collegiate curling for the 1950-51 season got underway on December 23, at the Brandon Curling Club. Over sixty-four students participated in the activity with the able guidance of the B.C.I. staff. Curling was held early Saturday morning. To the nine a.m. draws "mostly" everyone turned out. Enthusiasm for the game was shown by those who were on time. (Seems everyone but Keith Hurst had a turn on the nine a.m. draw).

Three Brandon rinks journeyed to Winnipeg to enter the Bonspiel there, but they returned with stories of fun and good times instead of winnings and prizes. Out-of-town journeys to Dauphin and Minnedosa were also taken by some of the Brandon rinks.

The first prize at the Brandon bonspiel was won by John Pringle and his rink of Brandon Collegiate students.

TRACK and FIELD

Fifteen former records were shattered and one equalled Tuesday, May 22nd, in the annual Brandon Collegiate field day held under ideal weather conditions at Kinsmen Memorial stadium. South House took a long lead in the race for "house" honors, scoring 200 points. North House collected 132, West House 129 and East House 86. The staff trophy presented annually to the house with the most points was awarded following the team events held Friday, May 25th at the Collegiate grounds.

Bob Mistal and Laurie Craddock swept primary and intermediate individual honors respectively by scoring four straight firsts. Competitors were allowed to enter only four events. Other division champions were: junior boys, Frank McKinnon; senior boys, Bob Geyson; Class A girls, Shirley Howsam; Class B, Lizz Komar; Class C, Georgina Davis and Victoria Sinkler (tied); and Class D, Fay Meyers.

Craddock, a basketball and golf star as well as top notch track and field performer, cracked two former records in his march to the intermediate crown. He set a record of nine feet three inches in the pole vault and a mark of 37 feet four inches in the hop, step and jump.

Georgina Davis also set two records in the Class C girls competitions with distances of six feet nine inches in the standing broad jump and 71 feet 6½ inches in the discus throw. Lizz Komar covered the 75 yards in 10 seconds to equal the former record and cleared four feet two inches for a new high jump record.

Other records set in the girls events were as follows:

Verda Peden, seven feet three inches in the Class B standing broad jump; Jean Lewtas, 68 feet nine inches, in the Class B discus throw; and Fay Meyers, 80 feet four inches in the Class D discus throw.

New boys records were:

Jim Scott, 15 feet eight inches in the primary board jump; Nazory Evaskow, 93 feet six inches in the primary discus throw; Bill Burke, 129 feet 11½ inches in the junior discus throw; Rudy Stritz, 41 feet 2½ inches in the junior shot put; Keith Hurst, 88 feet 6½ inches in the intermediate discus;

Bob Geyson, two minutes 23.7 seconds in the senior half mile; and Joe Mack, 38 feet eight inches in the senior hop, step and jump.

The discus throw was introduced to the meet just last season which accounted for the existing records being shattered in so many instances.

Officials of the meet pointed out that records established were not all time collegiate marks. In order to stimulate interest, it was agreed some years ago that a record could stand for only five years.

Staff members, and students not competing, officiated for the various events under the general chairmanship of Mr. Alex Venables.

The complete list of results is as follows:

BOYS' EVENTS

Primary Division

100 yard dash: 1, Bob Mistal (W); 2, Norman Chapman (S); 3, Duncan Brown (N). Time: 11.09 secs.

220 yard dash: 1, Bob Mistal (W); 2, Norman Chapman (S). Time: 31.2 secs.

Half mile: 1, Nazory Evaskow (W); 2, Henry Stothard (S). Time: 3.02 minutes.

High jump: 1, Norman Chapman (S); 2, Henry Stothard (S); 3, Ken Wilkinson (S). Height: 4 ft. 4 in.

Pole Vault: 1, Bob Mistal (W); 2, Ed. Wilkinson (W). Height: 7 ft. 9 ins.

Broad jump: 1, Jim Scott (N); 2, Duncan Brown (N); 3, Ken Wilkinson (S). Distance: 15 ft. 8 in. (new record).

Hop, step and jump: 1, Bob Mistal (W); 2, Ed. Wilkinson (W); 3, Duncan Brown (N). Distance: 34 ft. 6 in.

Discus throw: 1, Nazory Evaskow (W); 2, Jim Scott (N); 3, Ken Wilkinson (S). Distance: 93 ft. 6 in. (New record).

Shot put: 1, Jim Scott (N); 2, Nazory Evaskow (W); 3, Ed. Wilkinson (W). 31 ft. 10½ in.

Junior Division

100 yard dash: 1, Frank McKinnon (W); 2, Don Brown (N); 3, Jim Paige (E). Time: 12.1 secs.

220 yard dash: 1, Frank McKinnon (W); 2, Don Brown (N); 3, Jim Paige (E). Time: 32 secs.

Half mile: 1, Jim Williamson (W); 2, Jim Paige (E); 3, Frank McKinnon (W). Time: 2.33.08 mins.

High jump: 1, Frank McKinnon (W); 2, Jim Quinn (N); 3, Ron Wilkinson (S). Height: 4 ft. 8 ins.

Pole vault: 1, Jim Quinn (N) and Rudy Stritz (E) (tie); 3, Bob Crouch (S). Height: 8 ft.

Broad jump: 1—Jim Paige (E); 2, Bill Burke (E); 3, Rudy Stritz (E). Distance: 15 ft. 7 ins.

Hop, step and jump: 1, Jim Quinn (N); 2, David Adams (S); 3, Morley Smith (S). Distance: 33 ft. 8 ins.

Discus throw: 1, Bill Burke (E); 2, Dave Adams (S); 3, Rudy Stritz (E). Distance: 129 ft. 11½ ins. (New record).

Shot put: 1, Rudy Stritz (E); 2, Dave Adams (S); 3, Don Starkell (N). Distance: 41 ft. 2½ ins. (New record).

Intermediate Division

100 yard dash: 1, Laurie Craddock (S); 2, Barrie McLeod (S); 3, Ralph Howsam (E). Time: 11.7 secs.

220 yard dash: 1, Laurie Craddock (S); 2, Barrie McLeod (S); 3, Ralph Howsam (E). Time: 29.5 secs.

Half mile: 1, Pat Kelman (W); 2, Orval McJanet (S); 3, Keith Hurst (N). Time: 2.3.7 mins.

High jump: 1, Rudy Hominick (E); 2, Norm Breen (N); 3, Bob Dechka (S). Height: 4 ft. 8 ins.

Pole vault: 1, Laurie Craddock (S); 2, Norm Breen (N). Height: 9 ft. 3 ins. (New record).

Broad jump: 1, Jack McLachlan (S); 2, Ralph Howsam (E); 3, Barrie McLeod (S). Distance: 16 ft. 9 ins.

Hop, step and jump: 1, Laurie Craddock (S); 2, Keith Hurst (N); 3, Barrie McLeod (S). Distance: 3 ft. 4 ins. New record.

Discus throw: 1, Keith Hurst (N); 2, Pat Kelman (W); 3, Tom Haggerty (S). Distance: 88 ft. 6½ ins. (New record).

Shot put: 1, Bob Dechka (S); 2, Tom Haggerty (S); 3, Rudy Hominick (E). Distance: 28 ft. 10 ins.

Senior Division

100 yard dash: 1, Bob Geyson (W); 2, Bud Stenson (W); 3, Arnold Wawruch (N). Time: 29.1 secs.

Half mile: 1, Bob Geyson (W); 2, Ken Wawruch (N); 3, Don Hunter (W). Time: 2.23.7. (New record).

High jump: 1, Don Hunter (W); 2, Lawrence Reeve (N); 3, Ian McLennan (S). Height: 5 ft.

Pole vault: 1, Ted Komar (S); 2, Arnold Wawruch (N); 3, Don Hunter (W). Height: 9 ft.

Broad jump: 1, Joe Mack (N); 2, Ian McLennan (S); 3, Roy Stenson (W). Distance: 16 ft. 10 ins.

Hop, step and jump: 1, Joe Mack (N); 2, Bob Geyson (W); 3, Terry Kerr (E). Distance: 38 ft. 8 ins. (New record).

Discus throw: 1, Arnold Wawruch (N); 2, Jim Crawford (N); 3, Allan Cousins (W). Distance: 87 ft., 1 in.

Shot put: 1, George Hales (N); 2, Garry Brazzell (W); 3, Adolph Kukulowicz (N). Distance: 31 ft. 6 ins.

GIRLS' RESULTS

Class "A"

60 yard dash: 1, Shirlee Howsam (E); 2, Mary Hamilton (S); 3, Joy Brown (W). Time: 8.9 secs.

75 yard dash: 1, Shirlee Howsam (E); 2, Mary Hamilton (S). Time 11 secs.

High jump: 1, Joyce Brown (N); 2, Marguerite Henson (S); 3, Gwyn Eastman (S). Height: 3 ft. 7 ins.

Running broad jump: 1, Shirlee Howsam (E); 2, Marguerite Henson (S); 3, Gwyn Eastman (S). Distance: 12 ft. 8 ins.

Standing broad jump: 1, Gwyn Eastman (S); 2, Shirlee Howsam (E); 3, Joy Brown (W). Distance: 6 ft.

Discus throw: 1, Marguerite Henson (S); 2, Gwyn Eastman (S). Distance: 54 ft. 6 ins.

Baseball throw: 1, Marguerite Henson (S); 2, Joy Brown (W); 3, Geraldine Hunt (W). Distance: 125 ft. 9½ ins.

Class "B"

75 yard dash: 1, Lizz Komar (S); 2, Lillian Thompson (E); 3, Evelyn Rayner (N). Time: 10 secs. (Equals record).

High jump: 1, Lizz Komar (S); 2, Jean Lewtas (N); 3, Evelyn Rayner (N). Height: 4 ft. 2 ins. (New record).

Running broad jump: 1, Verda Peden (S); 2, Evelyn Rayner (N); 3, Lizz Komar (S). Distance: 12 ft. 7½ ins.

Standing broad jump: 1, Verda Peden (S); 2, Jean Lewtas (N); 3, Lillian Thompson (E). Distance: 7 ft. 3 ins. (New record).

Discus throw: 1, Jean Lewtas (N); 2, Gwen Brownridge (S); 3, Audrey Ericson (N). Distance: 68 ft. 9 ins. (New record).

Baseball throw: 1, Gwen Brownridge (S); 2, Darlene Pearen (N); 3, Mildred Stonechild (W). Distance: 128 ft. 7 ins.

Class "C"

60 yard dash: 1, Victoria Sinkler (S); 2, Nancy Harkot (N); 3, Bernice Griffiths (E). Time 8.5 secs.

75 yard dash: 1, Victoria Sinkler (S); 2, Nancy Harkot (N); 3, Bernice Griffiths (E). Time 10 secs.

High jump: 1, June Montgomery (E); 2, Joan Curlock (S); 3, Elaine Young (S). Height: 4 ft. 1½ ins.

Running broad jump: 1, Victoria Sinkler (S); 2, Joan Curlock (S); 3, Nancy Harkot (N). Distance: 12 ft. 7 ins.

Standing broad jump: 1, Georgina Davis (N); 2, Bernice Griffiths (E); 3, Joan Curlock (S). Distance: 6 ft. 9 ins. (New record).

Discus throw: 1, Georgina Davis (N); 2, Phyllis Standingready (W); 3, June Montgomery (E). Distance 71 ft. 6½ ins. (New record).

Baseball throw: 1, Georgina Davis (N); 2, Phyllis Standingready (W); 3, Cora Walker (W). Distance: 148 ft. 7 ins.

Class "D"

60 yard dash: 1, Fay Meyers (N); 2, Peggy Elliott (S); 3, Grace Evans (E). Time: 8.4 secs.

75 yard dash: 1, Fay Meyers (N); 2, Peggy Elliott (S); 3, Lillian Reynolds (S). Time: 10.7 secs.

High jump: 1, Kathy Jason (S); 2, Fay Meyers (N); 3, Grace Evans (E). Height 3 ft. 11 ins.

Running broad jump: 1, Peggy Elliott (S); 2, Anne Opasky (W); 3, Grace Evans (E). Distance: 13 ft.

Standing broad jump: 1, Peggy Elliott (S); 2, Grace Evans (E); 3, Barbara Walkow (S). Distance: 6 ft. 7 ins.

Discus throw: 1, Fay Meyers (N); 2, Pearl Opasky (E); 3, Rita Haywake (E). Distance: 80 ft. 4 ins. (New record).

Baseball throw: 1, Olga Evaskow (W); 2, Lois Johnson (S); 3, Margaret Chalmers (E). Distance: 147 ft. 4½ ins.

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1st 3B Elocutionist: "How far were
you from the right answer
in the Algebra Exam?"
2nd D.H.O.: "About 4 Seats."

1950-51



"ALL I SAID WUZ 'MAY I CARRY YOUR BOOKS?'"

Editor: (?) CLIVE BATE



HUMOUR

Wonder what Confucius would say if he heard some of the things he's supposed to have said. . . . 1940.

How to Write an Income Tax Report

1. Write down the total income.
2. Divide it by the number of matches in a box.
3. Multiply by the number of calling-downs you will get this week.
4. Decide to tell the truth.
5. Get disgusted and tear the darn thing up.
6. Sit back and enjoy the 1931 New Era.

"Does Miss McDole mark composition hard?"

"Does she? She takes a mark off for having a period upside down." . . . 1939

A school of fish should beware of the rod . . 1939

She was a good little girl, as far as good little girls go, and as far as good little girls go, she went. . . . 1939.

A Quiet Afternoon

A quiet afternoon—that's very comical. Any relation between such an afternoon and the one mentioned in the title is purely coincidental. How anyone, small, insignificant human can raise so much ruction and get into so much trouble is far beyond my comprehension. The particular tiny being to whom I refer is my brother, Ronald. The sweet child is just one and one-half years old—but don't let that fool you. He is a miniature cyclone in "Jumping Jacks". Since he has learned to navigate under his own steam, he tears through the house leaving havoc in his wake.

Several dull "clanks" are heard from the kitchen. "Ronald get out of those pots and pans." Tiny feet are heard pattering into the living room. As I race into the room, a loud "crash" reaches my ears.

"Oh, no Ronald! You didn't pull father's good ashtrays on the floor." His only comment is, and I quote:

"Bah Boy" (meaning, "Was I a little stinker again?")

"You certainly are a bad boy and will you catch it when Mom gets home." This terrible knowledge seems to have little effect on him as he eagerly looks for new fields to conquer.

These childlike antics continue the entire afternoon leaving brother a nervous wreck. It is indeed amazing how my mother maintains her sanity under such constant strain. A strange thing though, the minute mama walks through the door, Ronald becomes comparatively meek and runs to her squealing, "Nah naa, naa nah" (Let's throw on the feed bag.)

It hardly seems possible that the little darling clinging tenderly to his mother's skirt is that same little demon who has driven me to the verge of homicide a few short minutes before. Could it be he knows who's boss?

Gail Hamilton.

What would you do if a horse fell in your bathtub?"

"I'd pull the plug out." . . . from the New Era 1930.

Ed. note: Don't be discouraged, the rest isn't that bad—quite.

How to Get a Fly Out of Your Soup

1. Speak etiquette to the fly. Fly will become humiliated and leave.
2. Induce guests to talk on fly's faults. Fly will become embarrassed and zoom.
3. Talk aviation to fly. Fly will become air-minded and take off. The pest usually tries to stunt and finally lands in the butter-dish.
4. Inform fly that prolonged hot bath will sap his strength, fly makes a bee-line for the finger-bowl to take a cold plunge.
5. If all other methods fail place a large piece of fly-paper in the soup. The fly will become attached to this new idea. . . . New Era 1931.

Gert struggled up the hill in his Model T expecting to see a baseball game. After five minutes' hard climbing on the gentle slope, the car panted to a stop before the gate-attendant. He paid his admission and started to chug on. "Hey!" yelled the attendant, "Fifteen cents for the car."

"Sold!" exclaimed Gert joyfully. . . . Gert's at B.C.I. now; the joke was here in 1941.



Gerry MacDonald: "I'm for a five-day week."
Ernie Brown (yawning): "I'm for a five-day week-end."

Special Awards
Medalists
and
Scholarship
Winners

Our Scholarships

Scholarships donated by Teck Chapter I.O.D.E., Brandon.

Ethel M. Kerr Scholarship, value \$25; awarded to student having highest standing in English and History in grade eleven.

Amy B. Hearn Scholarship, value \$25; awarded to student having highest standing in Mathematics and Science in grade eleven.

Prince Alexander of Teck Scholarship, value \$100; awarded to student having highest standing in grade twelve. Grade must be 75% or over.

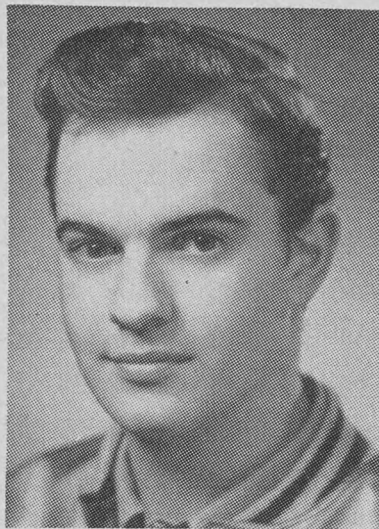
Scholarship donated by Brandon City Lodges I.O.O.F. No. 6 and Rebekah No. 6, Oddfellows-Rebekahs' Scholarship, value \$100; awarded for general proficiency to student completing Junior Matriculation or Second Year Technical Arts Course.

Medal donated by Duncan McDougall Memorial Trust Fund: McDougall Memorial Medal: Awarded to student having highest standing in Second Year History.

Medal donated by Governor-General of Canada: Governor-General's Medal: Awarded for general proficiency to student in Grade Eleven or Twelve.

Chartered Accountancy: Awarded to male student in Grade Eleven who has the highest standing in English II and Mathematics II. Value \$25.

Governor General's Medal



ERNIE BROWN

Ernest Alfred Brown, the seventeen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brown, 416 4th Street, was born in Brandon and received his earlier education at Central Public School and Earl Haig Junior High.

By diligent application to his studies Ernie gained for himself two awards in his Grade eleven year, the Amy B. Hearn Scholarship in mathematics and science, and the McDougall Medal for proficiency in history. In addition to a very creditable academic standing Ernie has found time for a variety of extra-curricular activities. He has played a leading part in the dramatic productions of the last three years and has taken an active part in track and field, basketball, curling and the Air

Special Awards

Cadets. In his present year he was elected house captain for North House.

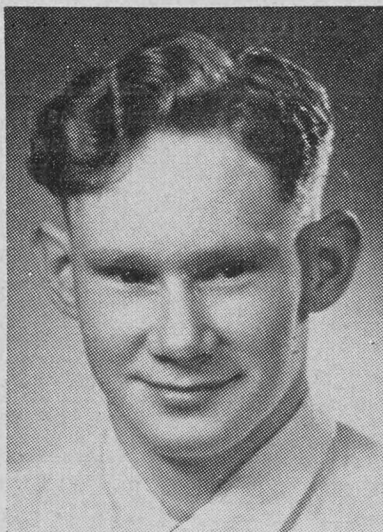
Ernie's plans for the future include flying training through the R.C.A.F. flying training scholarships, and entry into the Canadian Services College at Royal Roads. Ernie's pleasant manner and willing co-operation have earned for him many friends at B.C.I.

Congratulations and best wishes for the future!

NORMAN WYBORN

Honour was indeed brought upon the school by having one of its pupils, sixteen-year-old Norman Wyborn, chosen as one of the two Boy Scouts from Manitoba to attend the Seventh World Jamboree, this time held in the mountains of Austria. No less is the honour to Norman, for, since only thirty-two boys may attend from Canada, the qualifications must be very high.

Early in July, he will attend a Pre-Jamboree Camp at Montreal, make the crossing in the Ascania and camp near London before proceeding across France, Switzerland, possibly a bit of Germany and finally on to Austria, by rail. The Jamboree itself will last ten days and will be attended by about 40,000 Scouts, (which is twice the population of Brandon) representing twenty-six nations. On returning to England, Norman gets another opportunity to witness the Festival of Britain before sailing for home near the end of August. By this very general outline you will get some idea of the wonderful experience this Scout has earned for himself. It could not happen to a better fellow and I am sure the whole student body joins in extending to Norman Wyborn their most hearty congratulations.



Ethel M. Kerr - George Strang

The Ethel M. Kerr Scholarship, awarded for highest standing in grade eleven English and history, goes this year to George Strang.

George is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Strang, 218 Princess Avenue East, and a brother of Don who won this award in 1948-49. Before coming to the Collegiate, George attended King George, elementary school, and Earl Haig, junior high school.

George is an all-round student. He excels in clear concise expression and in mastery of mathe-

matics and science. He likes football, baseball and basketball, but sport is not a major interest. Model airplane building and flying attract him, but George thinks law will be his chosen profession.

That quiet co-operation and determination to achieve success, will, we are sure, bring him satisfactorily to the conclusion of any course he may choose to follow.

B.C.I.'s best wishes, George. May your success and achievement continue.



Amy B. Hearn - Lillian Reynolds

This year the Amy B. Hearn award for outstanding work in science and mathematics was presented to Lillian Reynolds, seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Reynolds of Rapid City. Lillian has lived most of her life on a farm south of Rapid City and received her elementary education at Wallace School. In 1949, she commenced her studies at Brandon Collegiate.

Lillian has for the past two years shown a keen interest in all academic activities, but has been particularly proficient in mathematics and science. In addition to her studies, she enjoys sports and music. Last year she sang in the Glee Club, and she plays

the piano for her own amusement, whenever the occasion permits.

Lillian's interests, however, do not stop here. This year she enrolled in the Industrial Arts Activity. Also, she is more than a little proud of the fact that her calf once took first prize in the Boys' and Girls' Calf Competition.

After matriculation, Lillian has her heart set on becoming a Registered Nurse. Thus, it is the wish of the staff and students that the winning of the Amy B. Hearn award will be only one event in a long career of success and happiness.



Oddfellows-Rebekahs - Marjorie Pringle

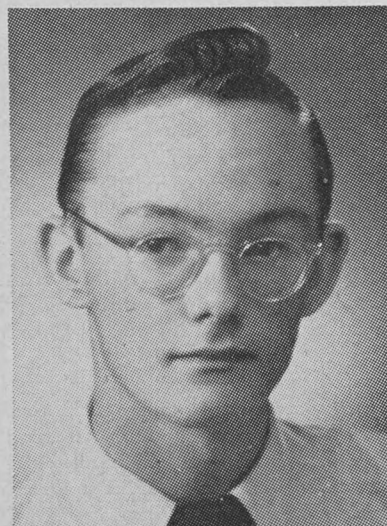
The award of this scholarship donated by the Rebekahs and the Independent Order of Oddfellows to Miss Marjorie Pringle will come as no surprise to those who know Marjorie. Offered annually to those students of Brandon Collegiate completing Level II with highest general proficiency, this honor carries a cash award of one hundred dollars.

Marjorie was born in Brandon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Pringle, 214 2nd Street, Brandon on April 23, 1934. Her education, received at Central elementary school, Earl Haig Junior High school and the Collegiate has been marked by high honor recommendation throughout. An all-round student, it is difficult to choose one subject in which Marjorie excels more than another, for she not

only holds the highest aggregate in Level II, but qualified for a second scholarship and is the recipient of the McDougall Memorial Medal awarded to the student having the highest standing in History.

Maintaining her high academic standing has not prevented Marjorie from finding time to play basketball for the Collegiate girls' team. Her plans are to attend College and no doubt there her record will be as fine as it has been in public school.

The best wishes of the donors, staff and student body go to Marjorie in her present success and in confident hope of her continued achievement in the future.



Chartered Accountants - Jerry Kerr

This scholarship, which is being offered this year, for the first time, in Brandon Collegiate, has been won by Terry Kerr, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Kerr of 247 2nd Street, Brandon.

Terry is seventeen years old. He came to the Collegiate from Earl Haig Junior High, where he had been a class leader for three years. His work has been of uniform excellence, and his attitude toward it, as toward his fellow students and his teachers, has been that of a boy destined to make his mark in the world. We congratulate Terry on this occasion, and prophesy that he will, in the future, be the recipient of other awards for work well done.

1913

The Realm of Sport

It has been quite a while since the Collegiate enjoyed such a boom in sport circles as she did this year. To win both the senior and intermediate leagues in basketball, while competing against older institutions and players was a feat which will go down as a record in the annals of the Collegiate. We had also our inter-class games in our own gymnasium, and had quite a revival in the line of hockey. For a while during the winter, when examinations were not too pressing hockey was the order of the week.

Last season our sport suffered a decline and all interest for a time lagged. This season the halls, classrooms and gymnasium fairly bubbled over with sport, and again the B.C.I. came into her own. We had for a time lost our prestige of which we boasted, but the remarkable turnover came quite as much a surprise to us as it did to our stupefied opponents. This year, however, the Collegiate came back with a vengeance and this is how they did it.

—H. L. Crawford (New Era 1913)

1950-51

Here and There in Sport

by H. L. CRAWFORD

So Mark Van Buren isn't good enough for the Mandak league? What a laugh! This is the same man who umpired across the United States with Jackie Robinson's All Stars. Who called the balls and strikes for such an outstanding pitcher as Don Newcombe, with Roy Campanella catching. This is the man who was twice chosen to handle the great East-West colored classic in Comiskey Park, Chicago, the counterpart to the world's series for colored teams. And yet four clubs in the Mandak league at a hurriedly called meeting, vote him out.

When Mark Van Buren came to Brandon last year, he immediately stamped himself as a fearless official. He lost no time in running the raucous, protesting players out of the game, and improving the brand of entertainment for the fans. Before his arrival, umpires were being pushed around, and even knocked down. But it wasn't

long before he had order out of chaos, and his authority was complete. He was baseball-wise to all the little tricks which smart players often use, and there was less grousing on balls and strikes than for years in Kinsmen stadium.

—The Brandon Daily Sun, June 18, 1951.

Alumni

Editor: WARREN FALCONER

ALUMNI

As 1951 takes us into the last half of the Twentieth Century, we have decided to seek out those students who, in the past five decades brought honor to themselves and to the school by winning the Governor General's Medal. Our reason for doing this was to discover what these students have been doing since they left B.C.I. Some have replied to our letters of inquiry. The following are the messages we have received from them.

1900 May Macdonald—no message received.

1904 Stuart F. Arthur, 2333 Albert Street, Regina, Sask.

"Graduated in Arts, University of Manitoba, 1908; graduated in law, 1911; practiced law at Shaunavon, Sask., 1918 to 1936; held position in Dominion Department of Agriculture 1937 till present time. Career remarkable for what I have not done: haven't died, haven't broken out of jail at any time, once declined appointment as K.C."

1909 Frank Kidd Purdie, Griswold, Man.

"Entered Manitoba Medical College Sept., 1910. Taught rural summer school at several points in Man. and Sask. during college vacations. Enlisted Feb., 1915, in Canadian Hospital Reinforcement Unit; served on the staff of No. 2 Canadian General Hospital at Le Treport, France. Invalided to Cliveden Hospital, England, Dec. 1915 via Rouen and Le Havre. Returned to Canada April 1916 sufficiently recovered to join a special wartime medical class put on because of the shortage of medical officers for the army. Graduated M.D. 1916.

"Acted as Assistant Superintendent of Brandon Mental Hospital 1917 and 1918. Married Miss Jean Esslemont, R.N., July 1918. Began General Medical practice at Griswold Sept. 1918 and am still located there. Have two sons, Frank and Jack, Doctor and Dentist respectively, practicing their professions in

Brandon; also two grandchildren, viz., Frank and Jane.

"Have served on the Executive and have held the office of President of Brandon and District in the Manitoba Medical Associations, and at present am the Vice-President of the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Manitoba.

"Masonically: Past master of Transdonian Lodge at Griswold. Past District Deputy 7th Masonic District. Life Member of Brandon Scottish Rite. Also Manitoba Constituary 32° at Winnipeg; member of Khartum Temple (Shriners) in Winnipeg.

Interests: Curling, baseball, hockey, travel, and gardening."

1930 Jack McDiarmid, 7490 Churchill Road, Montreal 16.

"After leaving Collegiate, I attended Queen's University, graduating in 1935 with B.A. in Commerce. Then five years with Imperial Life Assurance Co., Toronto, in actuarial and statistical work. In Jan. . 1939 I joined Laurentian Laboratories, Ltd., in Montreal as Office Manager. Enlisted April 1942 in R.C.A.F. as radar technician. Discharged Sept. 1945 and went to B.C. Drugs, Ltd., as Office Manager and Accountant. In 1947 left Vancouver and returned to Montreal as Assistant Comptroller, National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd. In Jan. 1948 was made Assistant Secretary-Treasurer and in July of same year Secretary-Treasurer, position now held."

1940 Mrs. Ben Lepkin (nee Marion Epton), Winnipeg, Man.

"End of Grade 12 at B.C.I. took me to Port Arthur for a summer job in 1941, and in the fall my scholarship enabled me to go to Brandon College. Graduated in '44 after summer jobs varying from a tuck shop waitress to a nurse's aid at mental hospital. Then it was a matter of deciding whether

to take up a scholarship in Political Economy at the University of Toronto or to work for a living. Bread and butter won and I started at the Free Press in May 1944. During my seven years at the Free Press I've been copy reader, general reporter, city hall reporter, copy editor, and am now telegraph editor. Married a newspaperman, who is labor and movie editor for the opposition paper, the Tribune, in 1946. All this, I remember, started in B.C.I. when I was the editor of the New Era, working with Miss Insley."

1945 E. F. Watson, Alberni, B.C.

"So far as my activities are concerned since leaving collegiate, I attended United College in Winnipeg, taking an Arts Course, majoring in Government and Psychology; graduating in 1948. In the fall of the same year I came to B.C. and took my Bachelor of Social Work degree from U.B.C. After finishing my first year leading to my Masters in Social Work, I have been employed as a Social Worker in rural B.C. I am stationed at Port Alberni and Alberni on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, and it is both an interesting locale and an exciting job.

"I have plans of returning to university, probably in B.C., to complete my Masters Degree, majoring in psychiatric work. Eventually, after considerable experience in the field, I hope to practice in a psychiatric hospital setting."

1951 Joan B. Old, Nurses Res., Vancouver General Hospital, B.C.

"Since leaving Brandon Collegiate, I had been employed by the T. Eaton Co. in Brandon. However, in January of this year, I entered the preliminary class of the Vancouver General Hospital.

"At present, my only plan for the future is that of attaining my R.N. (Registered Nurse) although I have in mind to specialize in some field of nursing."

1900

They Ain't Changed . . .

1950-51

DARN IT! . . .

Language Section

Editor: IVY ROBINS

LANGUAGES

A Roman School

The Roman school was often held in what the Romans called "pergula." This was near some public building. The pupils were exposed to all the distraction of the city life around them. Each school had only a few boys. It was conducted privately, Romans had no public school system. The young the pupils paying the teacher a fee because the son of a Roman family was accompanied by an elderly and trustworthy slave to school in the morning and the slave returned to school and escorted the boy home. Because of the heat in the middle of the day the pupils took a nap, after which there was another session. The teacher was either an educated Greek or a freeman. The students were taught Latin, Arithmetic, and History. Their books were unlike ours. The pages of the book were not gummed on the side like our books but the pages were so gummed that the pages formed one sheet of paper. The reader took the roll in both hands unrolling column after column with the right hand and rolling up with his left the part that he had read. Another type of a book used was a "tabella" which was made of wood and was shaped like an old-fashioned slate, with a raised edge about a waxed surface. The slate was smeared with wax. The writing on the wax was done with a pointed instrument called a "stilus."

Romanus Ludus

Romanus ludus saepe in quo Romani "pergula" vocabant, tentus est. Haec pergula proxima alicui publico aedificio erat. Discipuli in plura studia vitae urbis circum eas distracti sunt. Ludus ouique paucos pueros solum habebat. Nesesse erat omnis ludus privatim gestus est, discipulis mercedem magistro dare quod Romani publicum ludum non

habuerunt. Filiobus Romanae familiae ab firmo et sonstanti servo, ad ludum deductus est prima luce et post meridiem hic servus ad ludum rediit et puerum domum comitatus est. Propter calorem medio die ludus Romanus ante ortum solis coepit. Medio die discipuli somnum, meridianum ceperunt, post quem alia praecepta databantur. Magister aut Graecus bene doctus et educatus art libertinus erat. Discipuli linguam Latinam et Arithmeticam et Historiam docti sunt. Libri ludi eorum dissimiles nostis erant. Paginae libri a latere non salligatae sunt simili modo nostris libris sed paginae ita glutinatae sunt ut paginae unam scidulam chartae facerent. Lector volumen in ambaluis manibus, evolvens paginam post paginam manu dextra et sinistra manu eius devolvens, capiebat illam partem legisset. Aluid exemplum libri quo Romani utebantur, "tabella" erat, ex ligno facta est et similis obsoletae tabulae quae labrum elevatum habebat, fuit. Tabula cera lita est. Scriptio in cera stilo qui instrumentum acutum fuit, facta est.

Anne Opasky

Pourquoi J'ai Etudie Le Francais

Le francais a été toujours parmi mes matières favorites a l'école. Il a tenu tant mon intérêt que quand je pouvais cesser de l'étudier je ne l'ai pas fait. Plus important dans un pays bilinguistique que sa valeur en des affaires, le français enseigne ceux qui parlent anglais à avoir une meilleure compréhension des Canadiens-français. Après avoir étudié le francais, le Canadien-anglais a beaucoup à partager avec son compatriote qui était jadis son ennemi au champ de bataille pour la possession de notre patrie. A présent il veut connaître mieux Jean-Baptiste. Si tous essayaient de comprendre son voisin, comme nous qui étudions le français apprenons à faire l'amitié au lieu de la haine, grandirent dans la cour de tous. C'était un Francais qui a dit "Comprendre tous, c'est pardonner tout."

—MURIEL MEADOWS

Les Histoires Drolles

1. "Jean, prenez cette encre la de ce petit enfant-la".

"Pourquoi?"

"Il est trop jeune pour écrire un roman".

2. Client: "Je veux des huitres crues, ni trop saeées, ni trop grosses ni trop grandes ni trop petites. Il faut qu'elles soient froides et je les veux vite."

Garçon: "Oui, monsieur, avec ou sans perles."

3. "Je ne peux pas manger de telle mauvaise nourriture," a crié un client furieux, "Appelez le directeur".

"Pourquoi" a répondu le garçon, "il ne voudra pas la manger non plus".

4. Une dame très gentille: Que avez-vous mon petit garçon? N'avez-vous personne avec qui jouer?

Le Petit Garçon: Oui, j'ai un ami, mais je le deteste.

5. Un Pere a demandé à son petit garçon, Tom, s'il avait besoin d'aide dans sa leçon.

Tom a répondu, "Oh, non, papa, c'est mieux que je l'ai tort, moi-même".

6. Un élève—"Où est ma chemise?"

Sa mère—"Je l'ai envoyée à la blanchisserie.

L'élève—"Oh non! Tout mon histoire d'Angleterre était sur la manchette."

7. "Une fiancée porte blanche" a dit le orateur, "comme un signe de bonheur, car la journée de son mariage est la plus joyeuse de sa vie."

"Et pourquoi est-ce qu'un homme porte noir", a demandé une voix.

8. Professeur—"Combien de saisons a-t-il?"

Un élève—Deux, ou intéressante ou ennuyante.

9. Tom: "Moi, je suis un homme de quelques mots."

Paul: "Moi, je suis époux aussi."

10. "Est-ce une photo de vous?"

"Oui, c'est moi."

"C'est mauvaise grammaire."

"Oui, mais c'est une mauvaise photo aussi."

1926

Verbosity is a futile attempt to embellish the signification of any conception of the intellectual faculty, peculiar to and characteristic of humanity, by the act of forfeiting the personal concern of the unfortunate victim who is compelled to observe and apprehend the significance of the inscribed effort at journalism, in consequence of the employment of a supernumerary proportion of constituent parts of a sentence.

1950-51

DAH HHHH!

Literary Section

Editor: JEAN MORRISON

The Patch on the Quilt

The greatest plays can never be staged. There would be no money in it. The public demand a plot—a climax; after that the curtain rings down. But in real life there is no plot. It's just a series of anticlimaxes strung together like a patch work quilt until the greatest anticlimax comes and the quilt is finished. It is one of the patches in one of the quilts that my story is about—just an episode in the life of a woman.

The play, "John Pendlesham's Wife" was playing in a Vancouver theatre. It starred John Traite as John Pendlesham, and Molly Travers as his leading lady. The play had been running about a month when my story begins. John had just come off the stage after the third act and was going to his dressing room. Instead of going to it by the direct door which led from the stage, he went outside into the passage where some men were moving furniture. Standing at the top of the stairs was a woman, staring at him. He only saw her for a moment but it had been long enough to get the look in her eyes. In his room, he hesitated a moment and then called the watchman.

"Who is that lady I saw outside there?" he asked.

"Won't give no name, sir", the watchman replied. "Wants to see you but I told her the rules."

Once again he hesitated. Then he remembered the look in her eyes. Maybe she was just someone else looking for a job, but he had to hear what she wished to say.

"Show her in, I'll see her now."

The watchman hesitated because rules were rules; but then with a resigned shrug of his shoulders, went out.

"Mr. Traite will see you. This way please."

Then the door opened again, and Traite turned to face the woman. She was young—very young, dressed in a kind of cheap suburban dress. Her shoes had been good ones—once, now—well, however skillfully a patch is put on, it is still a patch. Her gloves showed traces of much needle and cotton; the little bag she carried was rubbed and frayed; and over the cheap suburban dress she had

on a coat which was worn and threadbare.

"It was good of you to see me, Mr. Traite." Though she was nervous and her voice shook a little, she faced him quite steadily.

"I know it is unusual for you to let visitors in but my reason for coming to see you is unusual too."

"What is your reason?" he asked rather kindly for a man of his position.

"I know you go on again at once," she said, "so I'll wait till after the fourth act."

"You've seen the play, then?" he remarked.

"Every night," she replied shortly. "I suppose you think that I hardly look as if I could afford such luxuries. But I've only seen it from the pit. But I had to see it, it was part of my plan. I want you to come to a house in Kensington with me."

"Why?" he asked again.

"That I can't tell you, until you come," she replied.

Just then the call boy knocked and he had to go on for the last act. The whole thing intrigued him.

"All right," he said briefly, "I'll come with you."

After the last act, Traite sent his own car home and he and the girl took a taxi out to Kensington. During the drive, neither of them spoke. At the place the door was opened by a repulsive-looking woman who peered at him suspiciously. When she retired, the girl turned to him.

"Will you come upstairs, Mr. Traite? I want you to meet my husband."

Just before she turned the handle of the door she turned again.

"My husband is ill. You'll excuse his being in bed."

They went in. Beyond the bed, one chair, and a rickety old chest of drawers there wasn't a stick of furniture in the room. There was a curtain in the corner with what looked like a wash stand behind it. And nothing else except an appalling oleograph of Queen Victoria on the wall.

"Mr. Traite, I know you thought me very peculiar but I was afraid that if I told you what I

really wanted you'd have refused to come. I thought if I could really convince you that I could act above average —"

"And she can, Mr. Traite," broke in her husband.

"I want you to judge my acting tonight," she resumed.

Traite swung around. So they were going to give an impromptu performance. She took off her coat and hat. Traite sat down on the only available chair in the room, and the man produced a paper-covered book from under his pillow. The part they had chosen to prove her ability was the love-scene between Molly Travers and himself in the third act of "John Pendlesham's Wife". He didn't know how he sat through the next twenty minutes. It was the most ghastly caricature of Molly that could ever be thought of. Every little gesture was faithfully copied, every little trick and mannerism had been carefully learned by heart. It was awful. And then it was over, and he realized he had to say something. They were both staring at him, hope shining clear in their eyes.

"She's great isn't she, Mr. Traite?" her husband said. Well, he'd got into it and there was nothing for it but to blunder deeper. So he offered her then and there a job as Molly Travers' understudy at twenty-five dollars a week, explaining of course that there already was an understudy and that she would be called when needed. He gave her a week's salary and somehow got out of the room. Blundering his way down the stairs he cursed himself for a sentimental fool.

He saw her occasionally during the next two or three months though he never went to their room again. He heard that her husband was failing, and he insisted on a specialist going to see him. The specialist phoned him at the theatre and didn't pull any punches.

"I give him a month to live," he said.

It was just about a month later that the thing happened which he had been dreading. Molly went down with the 'flu. Her understudy, Violet Dorman, took over. Molly went down in the afternoon

so that it didn't come out in any of the evening papers. Next morning the papers had it "Temporary Indisposition of Miss Molly Travers. Part filled at a moment's notice by Miss Violet Dorman." He knew the girl would read it in the afternoon paper and he cursed himself.

There was only one thing to do—go around and see her. He had to prevent her from coming to the theatre. So he went around. The doctor was there. He was just leaving as Traite came in and his face was grave.

"Harry's dying," the girl told him simply, and he glanced at the doctor who nodded.

It was an awful thing, but Traite's only feeling was one of relief. Since Harry had to go, he couldn't have chosen a more opportune moment. It solved the difficulty. The girl couldn't come to the theatre while her husband was dying and by the time the funeral was over, Molly would be back. But he should have known he couldn't settle things as easily as that.

"Why didn't you send for me last night, Mr. Traite?"

"I couldn't get you in time."

She opened a paper, "It says here that she was confined to bed all day yesterday. You lied that night, didn't you? But Harry must never know."

Just then Harry staggered from his bed into the room and saw the paper. "Molly Travers III."

"My dear, it's your chance," he said happily.

The she said, "Mr. Traite has just come to get me."

All afternoon she hid in one room while her husband lay dying in another. The thought haunted Traite all afternoon. As soon as the curtain fell on the fourth act, he grabbed a taxi and rushed out to Kensington. But she was there before him, kneeling by her husband's bed. She was telling him what a success she had been.

"Yes, she was great," said Traite, and he really meant it. Five minutes later Harry was dead.

Traite never saw the girl again, but one day a registered letter came for him. In it were a number of five dollar bills—the money she had received as wages when she had been Molly Travers understudy.

Joyce Harvey IV A

Book Reports

The novel, "The Red Chair Waits", written by Alice Margaret Huggins, tells of the interesting adventures of a young girl in China. The main character, Chien Shu-Lan, is a Chinese school-teacher and her humorous episodes are delightful. But, as is the custom in China, she has been engaged to be married since birth. As she does not wish to marry, Shu-Lan promises to pay the future father-in-law a large sum of money, thereby breaking ancient customs of the land. One custom is that a red chair carries the girl to her wedding, but as the title expresses it, the red chair still waits for Shu-Lan. I think this book is an excellent one for home reading because it is well written and contains love, humor, and suspense, and students learn many ancient customs and how life is carried on in China.

—Kathleen Hodgson

In the story, "Silver Wings," written by Grace Livingston Hill, the author is attempting to show the influence of God in everyday happenings. Amory Lorrimer, a young girl who is not too well off, comes to take the position of social secretary to wealthy Mrs. Whitney, at Briarcliffe. Here Amory accidentally meets Theodore Gareth Kingsley, a young aviator. Interlaced with this story is that of Diana and the young preacher, John Dunleith. John brings back Diana's faith in God and the two find their love for each other after many trials and tribulations. Amory and Gareth also discover their love. I would recommend this book because it gives a greater understanding of God and shows how other young people overcome their difficulties.

Janice Jenkins

The novel on which I am about to make a book-note is "Above Suspicion" by Helen MacInnes. The author's aim or objective was to show how espionage could be carried on with a minimum of suspicion on the part of the enemy. It also showed the faithfulness of the German people to their "fatherland" and yet how ignorant they were about the policies of their leaders.

In this exciting novel, Richard Myles, a college professor, and his wife, Frances, were asked to do a job of espionage in Europe. They had often holidayed on the continent and in this way would be above suspicion. They travelled from place to place, collecting information, needed by the Allies, and during this time they met many strange characters. Eventually counterspies realized that their trip was only a subterfuge. From this time on their "holiday" became a nightmare of finding, hiding, and escaping, leaving a trail of fire and death behind him. They finally eluded the Nazis. The final scene is their hazardous journey of escape through the closely guarded border into the Italian Alps. I would recommend "Above Suspicion" because it holds the reader's interest to the end with its undercurrent of suspense. It is well written and contains many fine descriptive passages.

Madeline Irving, II A

I wish I were a kangaroo

Despite his funny stances;

I'd have a place to put the junk

My girl hands me at dances.

Bargain Hunting



The other day, Mitzi, my dearest friend, noticed some unusual bargains in the newspaper. She immediately 'phoned me.

"Lynne," she screamed over the line, "Macy's have super drapes on sale tomorrow. Let's go downtown in the morning because I'm just dying to get some red ones."

"Nothing doing, sister," I retorted, "I'm never going bargain hunting again."

You wonder why? Well, let me tell you the reason. One Saturday morning in June, I was rudely awakened by mom. "Marshall's are having a sale of parkas." Of all things to sell in June! Somehow I managed to squeeze into the 8:40 bus. When I reached the store, it was bursting with people. I felt like a fat man squeezing into tight trousers.

"On what floor is the parka sale?" I questioned a clerk.

"The fourth floor, I think," muttered the buxom lass.

I sped there only to find the sale was on the tenth floor. Warily I trudged back to the elevator and finally reached my destination. The first parka I tried on was too large, the next too long; and when I found one my size, a giant woman grabbed it saying with a deep, gruff voice, "I prefer this one."

Of all the nerve! I tried on more and sweltered

in the heat. Finally, I gave up in despair. My hair was straggling, my face smudged, and my aching feet were yelping with pain. I wormed through the crowd to the bus stop, and on reaching home, I tearfully blurted out my tale of woe to mom.

"Lynne, dear," she replied gently, "you left your wallet on the desk, so you wouldn't have been able to buy a parka anyway."

Kathleen Hodgson

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse some food that's free.
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
Upon a coke that's being mixed.
A girl who doesn't always wear
A lot of junk stuck in her hair.
But girls are loved by fools like me
For who the heck wants to neck with a tree?

The Trip of a Lifetime

Last year I was chosen as one of the fifty lucky boys who were to tour England under the auspices of Mr. Garfield Weston, a Canadian born British Industrialist, now President of the Weston Organization. From the day we left Montreal July 12, until our return August 19, we were under the excellent guidance of two Y.M.C.A. secretaries, Mr. Ray Fairbairn of Vancouver, and Mr. Hugh Owen of Toronto. Members of the Weston Organization assisted in the supervision of our itinerary.

We reached England four days ahead of schedule as we were fortunate in obtaining flying space after our ocean liner, "The Franconia", ran aground on the Island of Orleans. Our sight-seeing tour lasted three weeks, during which time we travelled 3,114 miles through England and Scotland by bus.

The places that struck my fancy were London, Portsmouth, Stratford-on-Avon, and the Lake District of Windermere. In London we visited the Parliament Buildings, where we met and dined with the party leaders, Anthony Eden, Beverley Baxter, and Herbert Morrison; and the London Zoo in which we found the largest array of wild animals and birds that I have ever witnessed. An interesting spectacle at Portsmouth included a tour of Nelson's flagship, "Victory"; the battleship,

"Duke of York"; the aircraft carrier, "Theseus", now in Korea; and a wet but fun-filled ride aboard Motor Torpedo Boats. In Stratford-on-Avon in the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre overlooking the Avon River, we watched a Shakespearean drama entitled, "Much Ado About Nothing." In the Lake district around Windermere we were enthralled by the enchanting beauty of the scenery, which attracts countless numbers of tourists.

I was deeply impressed with the indomitable spirit of the British people to rehabilitate their war-torn land and who yet hold so much hospitality and warmth in their hearts. I also noticed the beauty and intricate architecture of the cathedrals and castles of the cities compared to the simplicity of the country homes with their thatched roofs. The wealth of knowledge and experience, which I obtained during my tour is just now being realized and I am beginning to feel its educational value and also what it has added to my general knowledge of the peoples and countries across the sea. Thus I have learned to regard our mother country with a higher reverence and feel proud that Canada belongs to Britain's great Commonwealth. This has truly been my "trip of a lifetime".

—Barrie McLeod

Spring Nocturne

How soft and sweet spring breezes blow at night!
A magic essence, like an angel's smile.
It brings enchantment and a new delight—
A promise sweet of summer's magic wile.
Across the hills, the citadels of light
Upsweep and drift in scintillating piles
That reach and shimmer on the snow-scarred height,
Vanish and then return as breeze beguiles.
There is a pulsing peace upon the plain—
A sense of new-born hope, a time to thrill
The wakening earth; a faith to grow again.
This sweeps like a light; in wonder, stills
Dull winter's gloom and time's corroding stain,
And summer's secret promises fulfills.

Gerry MacDonald

Manitoba Winter

A Manitoba winter is beautiful. As in many other lands, you wake some morning in, perhaps the middle of November, to find your entire world burdened with an abundant white blanket. This blanket covers everything, the grass, the hedge, the buildings, the river banks and the trees. The tops of the fence posts sport little eskimo igloos. The house very much resembles the house you sometimes see on a Christmas card, a house with a roof of snow, inches thick, and white smoke hanging motionless above a snow laden chimney. The window sills are heaped with snow and the panes are splashed with fairy designs.

You think that winter intends you to stay in your Christmas card house till spring when you see the doors. The snow piled high upon the steps and against the door in an attempt to keep you in indeed, may have been done purposely, for who would want to break the perfection of those snowy mounds or tread upon that white blanket! The black water of the river stands out vividly against the white of the snow blanket on its banks. Soon the whole stream will be white but now the black thread of water sends up a fine vapor into the crisp morning air. The trees overhanging the banks of the stream are heavily laden with the fine "white stuff" and the tips of their limbs are buried deep in snowbanks. Here and there a chick-a-dee flutters busily among the white arms of the elms and causes to descend upon himself, avalanches of the fluffy snow.

The sky above is a perfect bowl of blue broken only by shades of pink in the eastern sky. The sun is coming up. The pink of the sky lends its color to the billows of white clouds. Soon the white world is a pink world. In no time at all the merry face of the sun looks down in amazement at the dazzling splendour of a world it had forgotten existed. Diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires wink from the trees, hedges and snow banks. Even the roof of the house is heavily encrusted with gems.

But life must go on as usual. You cannot spend all day admiring the richness of this snowy landscape. The stables are almost buried. A steamy vapor meets you as you open the door and the smell of hay and clover is warmer and sweeter than in

summer. The cattle greet you with a sad lowing. Perhaps they cannot understand this new world. Perhaps they are dreaming of lush green meadows. Your breath hangs in the air like a cloud in a summer sky.

It is the first snow, and it is beautiful but there are dreary days to come. Days when the sun is afraid to shine, when blustering winds from the north lands creep in through every crack, when trees snap in the cold, and when noses are nipped. You begin to wonder whether the emeralds and sapphires can make up for those days when you do not dare go outdoors.

Joyce Harvey

There once was a lady from Calpurni
Who had her hair curled by a Toni,
Then she lost all her hair
But what did she care—
She still had her skull which was bony.

Shirlie Howsam.

There once was a sweet girl from Chater
Whose beau told her how high he'd rate her,
When shown he had lied,
With anguish she cried,
"Why didn't I listen to mater?"

Marjorie Pringle

McLeod Dam

The immense new McLeod dam, glistening pale white against the dull, shifting sky towered into the heavy silence that had settled over the whole of the construction area. Inside, in the huge, empty generator rooms and down the long terreza work corridors the silence would be even thicker, for as yet, only flood gate apparatus had been installed and just today the reservoir started to fill. There was no hum of turbines or even the dull roar of the overflow. The new lake silently scaled the dam-wall lapping ever closer to the spillway. The only sign of life was the pinpoint of light gleaming from the operator's cubicle on the far side of the structure, between the dam-proper and the jungle



of transformers, condensers, towers, insulators, ladders and catwalks which made up the switchyard.

Back on the other side of the dam a car glided almost noiselessly to a stop, betrayed only by the muffled crunch of the wheels on the gravel of the parking area. There was a lengthy pause and then the black form of a man, the sole occupant of the car, appeared below on the moonlit road which bridged the structure. From his exaggerated body movement and the irregular staccato echo of his footsteps as he moved slowly onto the white expanse of concrete between him and the operator's station, it became apparent that he limped heavily on his right leg.

The operator leaned back in his chair; a small, wiry man in old, dirty workclothes and a greasy vest. His single outstanding feature was his eyes, pale, washed out, blue, glassy like a child's marble, betraying no suggestion of emotion or character. Hardly an eye-lid flickered as he heard the irregular foot-fall approaching. The door opened and the man with the limp entered; a large well-built man with a face, hard like granite; not unhandsome, but too rigid.

"What do you want with me, operator?"

Such a measured, curt, inquiry caught the little man offguard and his rehearsed banter was forgotten in a moment. He licked his lips and then spoke quietly.

"Since neither of us have much time to waste, here is my proposition straight: I have discovered that you built this dam of defective material. The authorities will not be the least bit pleased to learn

how they have been gypped. So, Mr. Chief Engineer, my silence is worth ten thousand dollars."

The chief engineer's countenance remained unchanged though disappointment registered in his voice.

"Don't get the impression that I'm a common grafter. As a boy, I lived in McLeod, the town about a mile downstream. As you may have noticed, I limp due to an accident on a McLeod street. We couldn't afford a specialist and the good people of the town didn't so much as lift a finger to help, so I grew up a cripple—a freak."

The man paused. The operator stared at him glassily.

"To say that the project is defective is hardly true; it will be most effective—for my purpose! Before the water level has reached the spillway, the maximum pressure that the dam will stand will have been attained and passed and the whole structure will crumble. There is method to my . . . madness."

Such a calculated, diabolically fiendish scheme aroused only a wry smile from the operator.

"My silence is worth fifteen thousand."

"I have a better plan," said the engineer evenly as he drew a pistol from his coat packet and fired twice, then turned and limped out.

Outside, the long white road back over the dam, stretched ahead of him. He set out, slowly, with difficulty. Then he faltered, stopped; his taut figure sagged weakly. The reservoir had almost reached the overflow. He couldn't take another step; his courage melted like butter; he whirled and started back, past the open door of the operator's room, on towards the catwalks of the switchboard.

"I can still make it . . . by this side. I will have to be careful on the ladders but I can still make it . . . I can still make it."

Inside the operator's room the little man still sat, the surprised expression slowly fading from his relaxing features. As though prompted by the terrified scream which echoed from the switchboard, he slid gently from the chair. His dead weight eased against a lever marked "Master Release Gate" and a million gallons of death trickled quietly away into the night.

—Bob Hilton

Weather

When winter comes and all the land is white,
And nowhere flowers and leaves are to be seen,
We long for summer days, and branches green,
And wait impatiently for spring and hours of light,
But then when summer comes with sunshine bright,
When heat and dryness come, and none can dream,
We wish for winter weather, sharp and keen,
When we can curl, and ski, to our delight.
If only we could all be satisfied
With what we have, and what the weather brings
Complaining not, whate'er the forecasts say;
If we could take the weather, whate'er betide,
As winter tree and summer bird that sings,
We'd find ourselves with many a perfect day.

Bob Harris

Excuses

When will someone write a handbook entitled "Valid Excuses for Every Occasion"? This book would doubtless be a great convenience since everyone from cradle to coffin seems to have acquired the "excuse habit". The present system of haphazard excuses, made up on the spur of the moment, tends to create lame or improbable excuses which fool nobody. As little white lies told to save face, embarrassment or yourself from a boring time, are quite common someone should do something about improving their quality. Excuses as you will see, now fall into three main categories—shop-worn; occupational; and fantastic and concealed.

First we have shop-worn excuses, ones that have been used so often that they are obviously not the truth but just an excuse. When we put forth such an excuse we know it won't fool anyone but sometimes our minds just "blackout" and no possible or probable alibi will come. One good old excuse is a headache. A headache is invaluable, as most people seem to think, when old Mrs. McSnoop, who has had five operations, calls and asks you to tea. It will also do when hail and hardy Herman, with feet like steam shovels, wants you to go dancing. Another excuse that could afford to go out rapidly is, "I really meant to, but I just haven't had the time." Perhaps the most common shop-worn excuse rears its head after some little monster has just

kicked your shins or broken your window throwing stones. His mother is always ready with "It couldn't have been my Jerry. He wouldn't do such a thing." This class of excuse is a, quote, "pain in the neck," unquote.

Secondly there are occupational excuses, just as there are occupational diseases. Perhaps these excuses are the more fatal of the two. When teachers ask for homework, they shudder inwardly and prepare themselves for, "I forgot it." And pity the poor policeman who, when giving a ticket to some unfortunate, for going through a stop sign or parking beside a fire hydrant, is told "I didn't see it." Of course we all know little five-foot-five Freddie who answers, after being asked for full fare, "I'm only eleven but I'm big for my age." Before choosing a vocation I strongly urge you to look up the excuse rate for it before entering and determine if your self-control and patience are great enough.

Lastly ("Thank heavens," do I hear you sigh?) let us look at the fantastic and concealed excuses. If you ask little Joey why he deliberately chopped up your antique table he is apt to tell you that he didn't do it, a bad man climbed in through the window and chopped it up. Sometimes this yen for fantasy is carried through into adulthood. When a wife explains to her husband how she got a bash in the fender of his new car, even the Grimm brothers will have some competition. And then there is the concealed deep excuse. A girl will reply, "Because it's Easter" to her boy friend's inquiry of why she was late. Maybe we are morons, but we don't get the connection. And if her boy friend is smart and knows the illogical workings of the female mind, he won't ask her what that has got to do with it. This is the best way to deal with hidden excuses if you don't want to seem ignorant. This third class of excuses could be left out of the handbook entirely as far as I'm concerned. After reading this no intelligent individual can fail to see the need for a good excuse book and one will be promptly published. Until then, let's all resolve to refrain from making up excuses. But please overlook the shortcomings of this little effort. You see, I was in a hurry.

Marjorie Pringle.

Bronc Bustin'



I strode to the entry table on a hot July day and to the man, I said, "The name's Ace Roark, and I'd like to enter the bronc-bustin' contest."

"You aiming to collect that \$500 too?" he asked with a grin. "Well, good luck to you!"

I doffed my hat, and said, "Thanks, pardner."

I arrived at the corral just in time to hear the announcer bellowing, "Everyone wishin' to take part in the bronc bustin' contest please come forward, and remember, please, ladies and gentlemen, that we ain't responsible for any broken necks or the like. Come on men, step right up and show the ladies if you're men or mice."

Pushing my way through the throng of holiday-minded cowpunchers and ranch families, I joined the other three men who were gathered there. To myself, I thought, "I wonder if it's worth breaking my neck for?" We drew straws to decide who would ride first. I had drawn the short straw. They brought from the adjoining corral, a wild and ferocious looking beast they called a horse and I attempted to mount. His coat was as sleek as silk, and I had trouble staying in the saddle. My hat fell off and touched the horse's back. Thinking it

was a fly, he curved his long tail and bringing it over his back, he cracked it like a whip which resounded loudly on my rear.

"You're not going to ride me!" snorted the stallion. He bucked and pranced in protest at my every move.

My inner voice kept saying, "Hold on Ace!" My battered hat had been trampled into the ground but that was the least of my worries. For just a second I lost my balance and the ground rushed up to meet me with a solid smack, which hurt. Seconds later, the horse cleared the corral fence.

With a faint groan, I murmured, "Everyone can dream, can't he?"

Evelyn Rayner

On a park bench once settled a bee
And he could buzz right merrilee,
But a blissful young pair
Came along and sat there—
The ending is sad as can be.

Marg Chalmers

There once was a lady named Lulu
Who wanted to dance hula-hulu,
She bought her some bangles
To wear on her ankles
And sailed off for gay Honolulu.

Margaret Chalmers

Miss Dunseith: "Ian, what do you think of the family compact?"

Ian McLennan: "Well—it's not very hygienic, is it?"

"Hey Chris, what made the Tower of Pisa lean?"
"If I knew, I'd sure try it."

Class Prophecy

(Continued from page 10)

Joe Slomiany who's designing our new postage-stamps. He says he likes to use the same size model as the resulting picture will be. But come on inside and I'll introduce you to some of the other employees. Here are some more of our models. Here's Joy Brown. She poses for 'model house-wife' pictures. She looks natural with a whole flock of little kids around her.

"Lois Johnson has the most unique modelling job. All day long her head is under an X-ray to determine how her brain-cells are arranged to make her grasp maths so easily."

"This is Stella Wiszniowski. We all envy her because she gets to model for calendars. The honor doesn't seem to go to her head, though.

"Here on the moon, education is frowned upon. Mildred Stonechild and Anne Opasky have that educated look so they do a roaring business posing for cartoons. And I'm stuck with postage-stamps to pose for. Phooey! That thing coming up the stairs there that looks like a praying mantis with stilts on is Clive Bate. He's the janitor here. He seems to like his surroundings, though."

"Thanks, Joyce. We have to be getting along."

Naturally, after looking at all these luscious, delectable girls we begin to become a little hungry so we stop at Adam's Hash-House. What a disreputable-looking joint! And look at Chris. Gee, he's sure lost a lot of weight. I'll be he doesn't weigh an ounce over two-fifty.

"H'lo Chris."

"H'lo."

"What's the matter, Chris?"

"Aw, my cook's sick."

"Say, that's tough. Who's your cook?"

"Her name's Rita Palidwar. She doesn't look sick but she must be 'cause everytime I holler at her she says, 'Yes, sir' instead of 'Aw dry up'."

"We're sorry, Chris. But we aren't hungry now so I guess we'll be on our way."

The next building we notice is a tiny shanty with a crescent moon cut in the door. Over the entrance is the sign "Pat Dillistone & Co., Engineering and Architecture." We enter and find Pat sitting at his—ah—desk.

"Hello, Pat, I see you've finally found your niche."

"Yep. It took a while but I finally made it."

"Say Pat. Who's the '& Co.' on the sign out there?"

"That's Bob Hilton and Roy McLean. Bob is the architect and Roy is the engineer."

"What do you do, then?"

"Me? What do you think I do? I keep that sign out there in good condition. I'm proud of that sign!"

Enough of this. We step out into the street again and almost bump into Dennis Gell pushing Margaret Mansfield in a little two-wheeled cart.

"What's the idea of that, Denny?"

"It's this way. They haven't got around to making new cars in mass-production yet so I've got to drive my friends around in something else, don't I?"

We have to admit he's got a thought there, and we pass on down the street. Up a short street we are attracted by a red-brick, sandstone-trimmed structure that looks like—it is—B.C.I. Let's go in. Aaaaaw.—isn't that cute! There's Muriel Meadows sitting with Ken Bjarnason teaching him maths. They don't seem to be making much progress, though—in Maths., that is.

Let's drop in on the newly-constructed Industrial Arts. Roar! Zoom! There goes Doug Bottley on that silly little scooter. I hope he doesn't hit a crater.

Here's Bill Douglas, Don Robson and Tom Haggerty poring over a drafting table. What an odd-looking table! Why, it's Charle Clark on his hands and knees with a board on his back. I always knew those broad shoulders would be good for something. That's enough school for one day. Let's go on down the street.

XIIAB must have a newspaper, judging from the sign on that window—The Moonstruck Moonshiner. My, what an appropriate name! There's some smaller printing on the window:

Editor—Ivy Robins

Publisher—Anne Rodgerson

On entering we find Ivy Robins sweating over a hot typewriter, the index finger of her right hand swollen with exertion. She is saying: "Why can't they hand the typing in before the deadline." Out back we can see Lyle Macson and Steve Korniat,

their sleeves rolled up, making the presses work. Those fellows sure enter into the spirit of things—but who wouldn't with Ivy on their tail! However we can see that Ivy is steadily becoming more and more angry over the newsprint situation so we had better blow before she does.

By now we have pretty well forgotten Adam's Hash-House and we are hungry again. We look around and lo! across the street we see the sign Keewatin's Drive-in. It's a pretty snappy-looking place. Boy, get a load of those two barkers outside. Look at that big tall blonde over there with the freckles. His face reminds us of George Cox, but his length—never! But it is he just the same and listen to the strong voice! That other guy looks like Ralph Howsam. George is talking about the delicious food in Georgina's cafe, but not Howsam—he's preaching on the merits of the army. Look at that! There goes George to throw him out.

We go into Georgina's cafe, eat, and as we are leaving we hear that there is to be a huge explosion, the largest ever known on the moon. We race for old B.C.I. All IVA and IIIB are safely inside when ROArrrrrr, BOOM! and we all soar away into space. Olga reassembles her oxygen-making apparatus and we're off again!

—Clive Bate

Looking Backward

(Continued from page 7)

The 1898 Annual Announcement is full of generous statements regarding Brandon, invariably described as being on the "gently sloping banks of the Assiniboine with fine waterworks and pure air, etc., etc." A map showed it to be a terminal for no less than four different railways. The town boasted a population of over 5000 souls, a school library of over 700 volumes and a curriculum in which "an honest attempt is made to remove the study of classics from the dry-as-dust system into which it is popularly supposed to have fallen." Apparently they gave up soon after. After reading a few more of these Annual Announcements, I found that every time the library added a hundred new books, the population added a thousand new citizens, or vice versa.

In one booklet I found a tattered clipping from the Manitoba Free Press, dated August 3, 1905, which had a history and description of the Brandon Collegiate Institute, which still occupied Central School. However I found my interest wandering to the ads which featured real estate in Alberta and B.C., a carbolic soap which was not only a fly repellent but also had a refreshing quality and a free sample of Catarrh Cure. White silk blouses were a steal at \$2.00. They had an India problem then, too, but that was on the Editorial page (the other side of the clipping). Everybody in the West was peeved at the Inter Colonial R.R. for showing a deficit and Winnipeggers were tying down the sidewalks because 1,300 harvesters had just hit the city from the East, with more on the way.

The incinerator on the playground which you pass with held nose by day and wrap your bike around by night, was in 1902-03 a bandstand which you passed with plugged ears by day. By night—are you thinking what I'm thinking? That was in the days when the boys wore flat straw hats with black bands and the girls had a hairdo resembling a sewing basket overflowing; when Lake Clementi was the modern resort and goal for the school picnics. Daring—what?

The present building was completed in 1908, boasting a kitchen and oak finishings throughout. Those squeaky chairs in the Aud. today squeaked their first in that year. I'll sit more cautiously after this.

While the 1913 issue was the only one available, the first New Era was published in 1912. The 1913 copy is a small, meager affair with a grayish-green cover and few pictures. It had jokes though; at least they were listed as jokes: "If a Swede hit a Turk with a Pole, would it make a Maltese Cross?" With that my last hope of journalistic recognition fades.

It seems that the Literary Society, the officers of which were elected semi-annually, acted as the Student Council, organizing sports, debates, the Lit and any other student activity and what is now the Glue—pardon me, Glee Club was then called the "Lady Vags".

The Social Events recorded in the 1926 New Era included an Oratorical contest and some one-act plays (we call them Lits). The girls raised

money by putting on silver teas and then went and spent it playing hockey.

The 1928 issue marked some changes in the school grading; Grade IX, which had previously been taught in Collegiate was transferred to the Junior High level and Grade XII was reinstated after a lapse of four years. I noticed the name of my Grade IV teacher attached to several rather fiery essays. She was a rather fiery teacher though. It was in 1928 too, that the boys stopped parting their hair in the center. Two years later they were at it again and the girls answered with a rather novel fad, that of combing theirs over their eyes.

In 1931 the magazine sneaked in two whole pages of French and the class pictures showed everybody leaning on everybody else, which may be related to the hair-parting trouble of the previous year. 1932 was a year for the masses, with a nine-piece orchestra and a high-powered debating society. In 1935 it was a fifteen-piece orchestra but it dwindled after that. In the same year a weeping birch was planted on either side of the main entrance in remembrance of a much beloved caretaker who had passed away. Of course you've noticed those two stately birch out in front of the school. You haven't? Why you must be blind.

The 1937 issue was dedicated as the Coronation Number. That year marked the opening of the Industrial Arts Course, started originally for girls.

In 1939, the debating society was hot on such subjects as Communism, Fascism, Nazism, Democracy, Technocracy, and whether the German colonies should be returned to her. That was also the year of Pictures; hearing talks on the classic paintings—a dark year, indeed.

During part of the war the New Eras were printed in the little room to the right of the stage in the auditorium. It was City desk, Editor's office, press room, waiting lobby, art department and copy room, all rolled into one. It would require about twice the amount of work the present day publications staff does, which may explain why Caesar, from his vantage point above the East door, prefers to gaze out the back window.

Well, there is some of the past; now let's look into the future.

Bob Hilton IV A

Looking Forward

(Continued from page 7)

ground where Central school once stood. The exterior of the collegiate is covered with what appears to be white marble. The grounds in front of the school are also very pretty, being composed of terraced gardens containing many different types of flowers surrounding deep rock-pools in which are swimming various kinds of coloured tropical fish. The blooming trees are covered with tiny pink flowers."

Ernie could not help but blurt: "Gosh! Where did the city get all the money?"

Our lady answered, "It is—yes—wait—it's coming through. Ah! Apparently oil was discovered in large quantities around Brandon and the city has become large and very rich. Having exhausted their supply of new projects, the city fathers have concentrated on making the city's schools the finest in North America. Now to proceed. The front steps of the school also appear white; probably a plastic material of some sort. The flag-pole is different, too. It shines like gold and at its top flutters a satin Union-Jack. Upon noticing the flag it is impossible not to notice the roof of the school which is bright red with the letters B.C.I. in yellow neon on the front half.

"On entering the main door of the school we notice that the door opens automatically being operated by an electric eye. We step into the vestibule the walls of which are covered with photographs from the roof to the floor. The second door, opening into the main hall, is also swung wide by an electric eye. What a boon to the tardy student!

"The main hall is, in general shape the same as it is today, but it is beautifully decorated in light pink and yellow plastic trimmed with emerald green. The door of the library being open we see the long rows of expensive leather-bound books on coloured plastic shelves, the color evidently identifying the type of book found thereon. Also conspicuous are some ancient-looking plaster-of-Paris statues and plaques.

"The phosphorescent pinks and greens of the classrooms where English is taught smite the eyes. The desks and other furnishings are of a solid-walnut and judging from the shape of the seats

they would be most uncomfortable affairs on which to sit. Apparently these bright colors and hard seats are for the purpose of keeping English students alert and wide-awake. However English students still get their chance to sleep for the rooms where this subject is taught are equipped with four-hundred square-inch television sets for the purpose of televising plays to the students. When the set is on the lights go off and zzzzzzzzz comes on.

"On entering various classrooms one similarity is evident among all—they are all equipped with motion-picture projectors and collapsible screens. Visual education must play a large part in the school of the future. It is evident in non-English-teaching classrooms that all seats are heavily-upholstered and are fitted-out with typewriters.

"Passing on up the steel stairs we enter the auditorium. The most glaring change in it is the seats which are of a permanent nature, looking much like today's theatre seats."

"Dancing must be out-moded then, for with the aud. full of seats and a tilted floor how can dancing be possible?" I asked.

"Proceeding to the attic we find that it has been completely finished in light gray and yellow. The floor is of pale green plastic. In one corner can be seen the stand for a thirty-piece school orchestra. There is also an efficient P.A. system set in the walls.

"We now descend to the basement of the school. It is three times its present size and is divided into three equal portions separated by plastic walls. The first section where the present gym is, contains the girl's gymnasium done in pink and cream, equipped for all floor sports. This room has been set farther into the ground and thus the ceiling is higher, permitting basketball to be played with greater ease. The second section is approached through halls extending north at either end. This section is divided by a partition running north and south equidistant from either end. In the east half is a swimming-pool for boys, in the west one for girls. The pools are made of chrome-plated steel and are filled with cool, green water. The pools are adjoined by chrome-and-gold-decorated shower-rooms. The third section is the boys' gym-floor, done in blue and cream, equipped like that of the girls. It is noteworthy that in both gyms such cum-

bersome apparatus as "horses", springboards, parallel-bars are set in the walls in glass cupboards, out of the way of basketball players. Both gyms have concrete plastic-covered floors with lines for various games set in in different colors."

For a moment, silence.

"Gee!" we whispered in awe and unison.

We had lost some of our fear of the great lady and Gerry asked: "What about the teaching staff. They, too, have —."

The great lady glanced again into her crystal cube. "I see no change in the teaching staff," said she.

We exchanged glances, groaned, and, having thanked our prophetess we left the lofty room of super-human knowledge.

—Clive Bate

LATE NEWS

Graduation Banquet

Honoring the graduating classes of Brandon Collegiate, a banquet and program were given in

the auditorium on Tuesday evening, May 29th. Those attending were students completing the work of Second level and Third level; members of the staff and their wives; Superintendent of schools, Mr. H. G. Wedge and Mrs. Wedge; chairman of the board, Mr. George Fitton and Mrs. Fitton; president of the Home and School association, Mr. Ross West and Mrs. West; J. R. Reid, ex-principal, and the special guest and speaker, Prof. A. S. R. Tweedie of the University of Manitoba.

Laurie Craddock, president of the Student Council, presided in a most dignified and efficient manner.

Ernie Brown proposed the toast to the school and expressed the gratitude of the graduating classes to the school and staff. In replying, Mr. Bell urged the graduates to continue their gratitude and to maintain the enviable reputation of the institution.

The class prophecy was read by Clive Bate and had the usual interest for the students. Miss Marian Rust played Beethoven's Symphony Pathetique.

The toast to the graduates was proposed by Mr. W. G. Frazer and Miss Marjorie Pringle responded.

Miss Muriel Meadows gave the valedictory. Quoting from Shakespeare the seven stages of man, she spoke of the roles already played and of those yet to be undertaken, and expressed appreciation for the preparation gained at school, and regret at saying farewell.

Professor Tweedie brought greetings from the University of Manitoba and emphasized the fact that "this is your University". He stated that the most serious thing the graduates should think of right now, was being Canadian citizens. "We now have a recognized type of Canadian citizen" he said. He then went on to say how highly regarded Canada is by other nations and he appealed to the graduates to maintain that high regard. "Canadians" he said, "keep both feet on the ground and are not given to hysterics". In closing his address, he referred to the national anthem "O Canada" in which we sing "we stand on guard for thee" and he emphasized that meant not merely in a physical sense but in a mental and spiritual sense also. Miss Olga Evaskow expressed the thanks of the gathering to Prof. Tweedie.

The evening concluded with dancing.

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UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

For Manitoba War Veterans and Their Sons and Daughters

The six licensed Manitoba Brewers and all the licensed Hotelkeepers in the Province have offered \$15,000.00 to the University of Manitoba to provide scholarships for Manitoba War Veterans not otherwise adequately provided for and for the sons and daughters of Manitoba War Veterans.

The Trustees of Manitoba Brewers and Hotelmen's Welfare Fund offer Thirty Scholarships to be held in the academic year 1951-52. Fifteen entrance Scholarships of the value of \$150.00 each have been provided for students resident in Greater Winnipeg and for students resident in Brandon who attend Brandon College, and fifteen Entrance Scholarships of the value of \$350.00 each for other students resident in Manitoba. The Scholarships may be continued, with the same value, for a second year, subject to the satisfactory progress of the holder in the first year of studies.

The scholarships may be tenable for two years in the University of Manitoba, or in any of its affiliated Colleges, in Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, Engineering, Architecture, Agriculture, Home Economics, Commerce, Pharmacy or other courses approved by the Board of Selection.

To be eligible a student must have clear Grade XI or Grade XII standing or better, provided that any student writing Grade XI examinations may apply.

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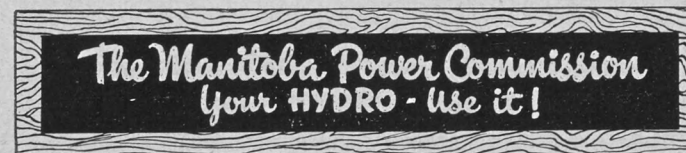
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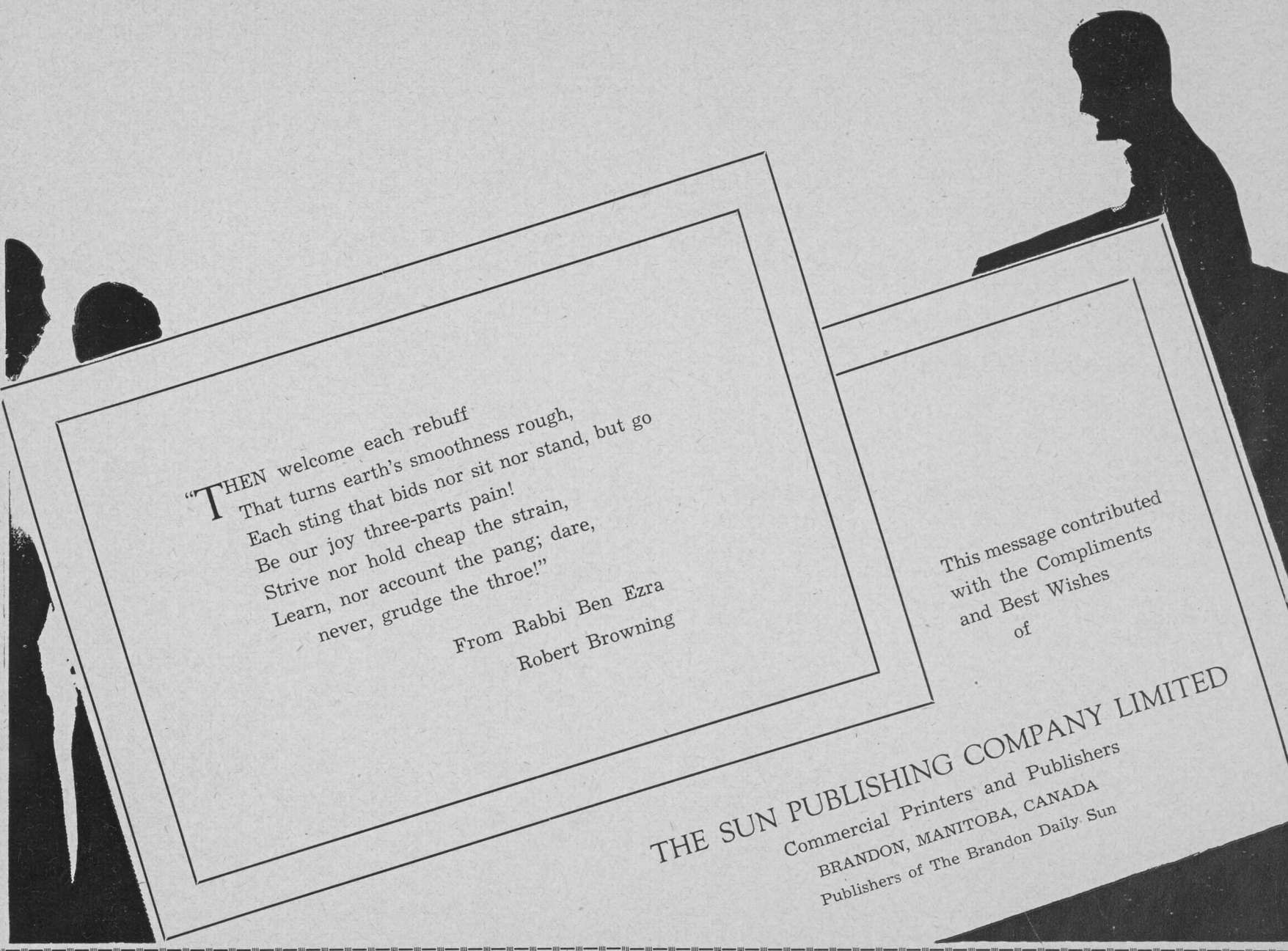
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